1703

PARAPHRASE,

OR,

Large Explicatory POEM

UPON THE

Song of SOLOMON.

WHEREIN

The mutual Love of CHRIST and his Church, contained in that Old-Teſtament Song, is imitated in the Language of the New Teſtament, and adapted to the Goſpel-diſpenſation.

By the late Reverend

RALPH ERSKINE, M. A.

Miniſter of the Goſpel at *Dumfermlin*,

And Author of the GOSPEL SONNETS.

A new Edition Reviſed and Corrected.

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PREFACE

TO THE

Curious *and* Serious *Readers*.

Curious Reader,

I Do not propose by the following Lines to satisfy your Curiosity, any further than by a plain Explication of this scriptural Song, in a Way adapted to the New-Testament Dispensation: And perhaps you'll be at no Loss, if you find the Equity of the Paraphrase, even where you miss the Elegancy of the Poem; or if you find any precious Truth to edify your Soul, tho' you should miss a pompous Embellishment to gratify your Fancy. If I had been of the Opinion that no Poem should see the Light, but such as has the Name of some great and famous Poet prefixt to it, and could reasonably expect the universal Applause of a learned Age, I would never have consented to the Publication of this, in a Day wherein the Art of Poesy is improved to such great Perfection by some, whose bright Genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical Productions in a very beautiful and splendid Dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the Mould of Metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would

have been quite discouraged from this Attempt But to be of this Mind were in Effect to think there could be no wholesome Food but what is presented in a lordly Dish; no good Lodging in any House, but such as were built by some curious Mechanic or famous Architect; nor convenient Accommodation in any Room or Chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with elegant Tapestry. How few would there be to fight for their Country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty Heroes, great Champions, and such as are Head and Shoulders higher than others? How many must go naked, if no Clothing were allowed but Silk and Satin, and rich Embroideries? It will be hard to persuade the World that none should write or make use of a Pen, but such as can imitate the finest Copper Plate; or that none should open their Mouth to speak above their Breath, but such as can equal the finest Orator.

But tho' in this Essay I pretend not to act the Part of the lofty Poet, yet I have endeavoured that what I hope is obvious to the Vulgar, and not above their View, may be at the same Time not nauseous to the Polite, nor below their View, if they are such as can lay aside the sullen Air of Criticism. Those, to whom no plain serious Gospel-truths can give any Satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but Flowers of Wit and Flights of Rhetoric can give Delight, do perhaps too much bewray their Ignorance of pious Pleasures. The Soul may be miserably hunger'd and starv'd where the Fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenious Acknowledgment of a famous and religious Poet,

in

n the Preface to his excellent Hymns and spri-ual Songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself (says he) to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual Designs I pro-posed, by some gay and flowery Expressions that gratified the Fancy; the bright Images too oft prevailed above the Fire of Divine Affection, and the Light exceeded the Heat." Now, ho' I own that the Defect of my poetical Genius night lead me to an Acknowledgment of a quite ther Nature, being sensible how much every aragraph here despairs of giving much Delight o those of a more refined Taste, and of pleasing he Fancy with many bright Embellishments of oetry; yet the great Scarcity of these may have his great Advantage, that here there are few such eautiful Flowers or bright Images to tempt any Man away from the spiritual Design, or so to gratify the Fancy, as to prevail above the Fire of Divine Affection, that should burn in the Heart with a Heat equal to the Light. Not that I am lisobliged with these gay and flowery Expressions n this and other valuable Authors, whereby hey are so apt to be a Temptation to themselves nd their Readers, even in their spiritual Songs; or I must confess they have been oft so tempting nd alluring to myself, that as I have frequently oth here and elsewhere essayed to imitate them y adopting some of their delicious Metaphors; o I would certainly have run into the same Fault f I had been endued with the same Genius: On-y I may infer from the foresaid Confession, that oems upon divine Subjects, which afford not a rain of those gay Temptations that bewitch the ancy and divert the Imagination, may upon this

Account be, at leaſt, not the leſs fitted for a
vancing ſpiritual Deſigns and Divine Affections

I am not here to make any Apology for t
Metre, tho' ſome may judge that in this Eſſ
I have ſtudied Rhyme as much as Poeſy. I knc
that there may be good Muſic and Meaſu
without the Gingle of a Crambo; and that it
a great Weakneſs to humour the Sound, ſo as
darken the Senſe. I own, my Difficulty nev
lay much in ſtudying the Crambo, with the ev
Cadency; for theſe, if there be any Parts or Pr
perties of Poeſy, occurred natively enoug
without much Thought: And perhaps it wou
have been a Fault to have ſlighted the Rhyn
deſignedly in a Compoſure of this Sort, fitt
for the religious Recreation of ſerious Chriſtian
eſpecially when I find the foremention'd emine
Poet (by whoſe Remarks, of which I had
little Specimen, perhaps the following Sheets ha
been better poliſhed for the Public, had his Ci
cumſtances allowed a more cloſe and full Revie
thereof) in his Hymns, Page 194 by a margin
Note (I find him, I ſay) hoping, "the Read
"will forgive the Neglect of Rhyme even in th
"1ſt and 3d Lines of the *Stanza* throughou
"ſome following Pages;" Which ſuppoſes
may be a Fault, in his Opinion, not to humou
the Metre in Eſſays of this Nature. But, if an
think I have done it too much, all I can accu
myſelf of, is only that I did not neglect th
Rhyme when Words favouring it appeared to m
as appoſite to the Purpoſe as others, and the lo
Genius afforded no better.

I am ſorry for your Sake, *Curious Reader*, tha
precious Truth is here ſet before you in ſuch
coarſ

coarse *Garb*; but, if you attend to the *Matter*, it will, as I said, be no Loss to you, that you have not here many artful Embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred Truth can be set off in too comely a Dress, no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed on too fine a Type: But if every Page and Passage thereof were illuminated or adorned with fine Cuts, I suppose this would do more Harm than Good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I have not seen any spiritual Poem upon the whole of this Divine Song, giving such a full Explication of every Part thereof as I have here essay'd; wishing at the same Time some happier Genius may carry on the same Design to greater Advantage, and paint forth this sacred Book in more lively, pure and spiritual Colours: But, till that appear, let this homely Essay suffice; and, if the Picture here be but just, you'll perhaps be much obliged to a Genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded Frame to divert your Eye from it.

But when you hear of the Spirituality and religious Design of this Poem, and that (as I may shew in the other Part of the Preface) the Subject thereof is not the *fair Circassian*, but the *fair Christian*, and his infinitely fairer Head and Husband Jesus Christ; though the Theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered than all the wanton Sonnets in the World, however artfully trimmed; yet I'm afraid this Subject be thought so jejune, insipid and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your Curiosity so far as to glance over a

few Lines of this Book, you may throw it aſide like an old Almanack, and ſoon give your Judgment *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor Profit and Advantage you ſhall get by it, if you remain always more curious than ſerious. And, ſince I have done with you, I ſhall apply myſelf to thoſe to whom this little Eſſay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

Serious Reader,

THO' it is eſpecially for your ſpiritual Edification and Comfort, I have eſſayed in this Manner to explain and open up the Goſpel that is contained in this ſacred Song; yet I deſign not to ſay one Word to you in Commendation of this Poem upon it, nor does it deſerve I ſhould, if it cannot thro' the Bleſſing of God commend itſelf to your Heart and Experience. But if you are exerciſed unto Godlineſs, and acquainted with the ſweet Life of Fellowſhip and Communion with our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I hope you ſhall here ſee a Picture and Repreſentation both of his Heart towards you, and of your Heart towards him; and a Portraiture of the ſweeteſt Experience of Intimacy with Heaven, that the Bride of Chriſt can have upon Earth. And I judge that a Song upon this Subject is not unſeaſonable amidſt theſe evil Days, wherein the Songs of the Temple are like to be turned into Howlings, and wherein the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, is ready to hang her Harp upon the Willows. How deſirable were it, if this little Book might

might prove a Mean for helping her to ſing away her Sorrows, and to harmonize with the Deſign of that precious Promiſe, *Hoſ.* ii. 15. *I will give her the Valley of* Achor *for a Door of Hope, and ſhe ſhall ſing there?* To drive away the Night of Trouble with Songs of Praiſe, would be a Work and Exerciſe moſt ſuitable to that gracious Name our Lord takes to himſelf, *Job* xxxv. 10. *God our Maker, who giveth Songs in the Night.*

We have a Divine Precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the Serious, *Eph.* v. 18, 19.——*Be filled with the Spirit, ſpeaking to yourſelves in Pſalms and Hymns and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody in your Heart to the Lord*; And *Col.* iii. 16. *Let the Word of Chriſt dwell in you richly in all Wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms and Hymns and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.* And how we are to ſing, we are further taught, not only by the Apoſtle's Example, 1. *Cor.* xiv. 15. *I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo*; but likewiſe by an expreſs divine Appointment, *Pſal.* xlvii. 6, 7. where the Command to ſing is repeated five Times in a Breath, *Sing Praiſes to God, ſing Praiſes: Sing Praiſes unto our King, Sing Praiſes. Sing ye Praiſes with Underſtanding.* Now, this ſacred Song of *Solomon* being very myſterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to ſing it over with Underſtanding and Judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the Myſteries and Metaphors thereof to your View.

I have deſignedly caſt the moſt Part of this Book into the Mould of common Metre; becauſe as it was intended eſpecially for the Uſe of ſerious

Christians in this Part of the Island; so, in case any of them should see fit to make some of these Lines a Part of their spiritual and devout Recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the Tunes to which they are accustomed in our *Scotch* Churches, where none but the common Tunes are used: Yet, lest some in reading over this Book had been too much tired and outwearied with the tedious Uniformity, I have put the ivth and viith Chapters into the Form of long Metre. And in the whole I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your Capacity, that wherever I have been obliged to use any Words (such as *prolific*, *mellifluous*, &c.) which I reckon are not so obvious to the Understanding of the Vulgar, I have explained them upon the Margin, and hope it is but very seldom any such Words occur to cloud and darken the Sense to you.

I know that this sacred Book of Scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest Instances of the Grace of *Christ* toward his Church and People are represented under the Figure of a conjugal State, has been greatly profaned by impure Writers, who have used or rather abused their poetical Art, to the gratifying of carnal Minds, and prostituting this holy divine Song to the most unholy Ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this Paraphrase so to open the Import of every Metaphor as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton Passions, which I hope shall find no Handle here by any Mode of Expression tending to divert the Mind from the Spirituality of the Theme. The Composure upon every Text here is such, as I think, without great Violence done to it, can never be applied to any Lovers infe-

inferior to that glorious Bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the Bride the Lamb's Wife, as the Church is deſigned, *Rev.* xxi. 9.

I thought it needleſs here in a prefatory Way to offer you a Key for opening this Song, ſince this has been done ſo oft and ſo well already by others, and particularly *Durham's* Book upon it, which is ſo common among many Hands; I refer the Reader to his *Clavis Cantici* prefixt to that Book. Mr. *Henry* ſays, The beſt Key for opening this Book is the xlvth Pſalm, which we find apply'd to *Chriſt* in the New Teſtament. And it ſeems the more fit this Book be now opened in a Way ſuited to that Diſpenſation, ſince *Chriſt* is more frequently and clearly repreſented in the New Teſtament than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his Church and People; for which I might multiply Inſtances, were it needful.

The Objections of Adverſaries againſt the Divinity of this Book are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the Faith of its Divine Extraction and ſpiritual Application to the Marriage between *Chriſt* and his Church, by the ancient, conſtant and concurring Teſtimony both of the *Jewiſh* and *Chriſtian* Church. And hence, tho', to carnal Minds, it is a Flower out of which they have extracted Poiſon; yet, to thoſe that are ſpirirual, it is *ſweeter than the Honey and the Honey-Comb*; inſomuch that ſome have made it the Mark and Characteriſtic of a Saint, to find and experience the ſpiritual Reliſh and quickning Savour of this Part of Scripture.

Profane Wits, who ridicule this lofty Anthem as a carnal *Epithalamium* or Marriage-Song, ſeem to be at a *nonplus* whether to apply it to *Solo-*

mon's

mon's Marriage with the *Ægyptian* Princeſs, or a *Circaſſian* Dame; but they muſt be yet at a greater Loſs what to make of ſome Compliments and Commendations given to *Solomon*'s Bride, if they were to be properly, and not figuratively, underſtood. For, how monſtrous and ridiculous were it to deſcribe her as having *an Head like* Carmel, *Teeth like a Flock of Sheep, a Noſe like the Tower of* Lebanon *looking toward* Damaſcus, *and terrible like an Army with Banners?* &c. And, if *Solomon*'s Chariot were to be underſtood properly and materially, of what Matter would they ſuppoſe it to be made, when the *Midſt of it* is ſaid to be *paved with Love?* Or, if Love be no material Thing, how ſhall it be a material Chariot? But this ſacred Song is not the worſe, becauſe profane and wanton Wits abuſe it, and endeavour to faſten their abſurd and obſcene Senſes upon ſome Paſſages of it. It requires indeed, as Interpreters acknowledge, a ſober and pious, not a fooliſh and laſcivious Reader. It breathes forth the hotteſt Flames of Love between *Chriſt* and his People, and has in all Ages of the Church been moſt ſweet, comfortable and uſeful to all that have read it with ſerious and ſpiritual Eyes. One of the Fathers *(Athanaſius)* comparing this Song with other Scriptures of the Old Teſtament, ſays, It is like *John* the *Baptiſt* among the Prophets: Other Scriptures ſpeak of *Chriſt* as coming, and afar off; this ſpeaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand: So familiar and preſent is he here repreſented both to the Faith and Senſe of his People. *Zanchius* makes this Song a Compend and Copy of the ſpiritual Marriage with *Chriſt*. And another great divine

(Bodius

(*Bodius* in *Eph.*) calls it *ipsius fidei & Religionis Christianæ medulla*, the very Marrow and Substance of Faith and Christianity itself. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable Work or Service, to open up in a homely Poesy, sunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities, the great Gospel-Mysteries contained in this allegorical Scripture, and in a Strain suited to the New-Testament Dispensation.

This Essay, *serious Reader*, being the Fruit of some Study and Application only at Leisure-hours, is, on this Account, the Work of several Years; and tho' Occasions had allowed, yet the Nature of the Study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe both to Body and Mind, than to have allowed a continued Progress in it without many Intermissions till it was finished. Some Parts of this Composure being therefore at some Years Distance from other Parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious Readers will observe that some of the Texts and Chapters are explained with more Life and Accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for by every one who knows that the Vein of Poesy and Frame of Spirit is subject to various Alterations higher or lower, at different Times. The greatest Defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with Reference especially to that Spirituality of Frame, Heavenliness of Mind, and close Communion with *Christ*, that an Essay to open this sacred Divine Song required; since in it the Believer's most intimate Fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative Expressions. However it has been my earnest Desire some-

ſometimes, That *my Labour* in this *might not be in vain in the Lord*, but that it might contribute thro' the Divine Bleſſing, to the Inſtruction, Edification, and Comfort of the Lord's People, eſpecially ſuch as have little Acceſs to read large Comments upon this ſacred Song; and particularly thoſe of the Congregation which I have ſo long had a ſpecial Concern in, and Relation to, and to whom I have but very ſeldom preached upon Texts in this Book of the *Song of Solomon*.

It muſt be owned there are great Depths in this allegorical Scripture, the *Letter* whereof *kills* thoſe that reſt in that, and look no further; but the *Spirit* thereof *giveth Life*, 2 Cor. iii. 6. *John* vi. 63. and that it requires great Pains and Caution to point out the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, in every Part of this poetical Book, and in applying the Figures and Similes therein to the ſeveral Graces and Virtues of the Bridegroom and the Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private Thought or Imagination of mine own in the Interpretation of this notable Part of holy Scripture, without obſerving my View thereof to be agreeable with the Judgment of ſound Commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little Help as to the Form, yet from them I willingly collected Materials. Nor did I venture to make a Paraphraſe upon any one Verſe here, till I had once conſulted them, and was ſatisfied that I ſhould not deviate from the Current of Orthodox Writers, their Judgment upon it, of which you have here a Sum. Tho' yet the Paraphraſe is the longer, that I have not only enlarged moſt upon theſe Places that I reckoned were moſt emphatical, but alſo touched at the

the Connection of one Verſe and Purpoſe with another, where I thought it was neceſſary for the Illuſtration of the Scope. Nor have I paſt over any one Verſe, however more briefly treated than others, without giving ſome plain View of the Meaning and Import of it. And, if more ſeem to be ſaid upon any Verſe in this Song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great Fault, if what is ſaid be evidently deducible from it, or neceſſary for the further Explication of it, and for adapting this Paraphraſe upon an Old-teſtament Song to a New-teſtament Diſpenſation. Beſides, the Senſe being cramped and contracted within the narrow Bounds of common Metre, has ſometimes made the Repetition (tho' not of Words, yet) of Matter unavoidable: And tho' every Explication is but an amplified Circumlocution, yet I have uſed as few Repetitions as could conſiſt with my Deſign of conveying a clear Idea of the Meaning.

I thought fit to ſet down the Scripture-text at large before the Paraphraſe, partly that every one even of thoſe who would hardly be at the Pains to conſult their Bibles, might have an Opportunity to compare the Text and the Paraphraſe together; and partly that there might be Occaſion to mark upon the Margin ſome of the different Readings that the original Text admits of, which I endeavour alſo not to neglect in the Paraphraſe.

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N. B. See the Catalogue at the End of this Book.

A

PARAPHRASE,

OR,

Explicatory POEM,

UPON

The SONG OF SOLOMON.

CHAP. I. The Title.

Verse 1. *The Song of Songs, which is* Solomon's.

1.

THE Choice of Anthems † exquisite,
From *Sol'mon*'s sacred Pen,
Which doth to heav'nly Love excite
The Souls of holy Men.

2.

Its Characters divine evince,
And evidently clear,
A wiser King, a greater Prince,
Than *Solomon* is here.

Who

† Songs.

3.

Who from above did animate,
And with celestial Flame
Inspire the Song, to equal *that*
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

4.

This to the *Lamb*'s fair Bride belongs,
To sound on all her Strings
With tuneful Harp, the Song of Songs
To Christ the King of Kings.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *Let him kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth: For thy Love † is better than Wine.*

1.

Let him who in my Room and Place
Did act the kindest Part,
The God of Love, the Prince of Peace,
The Victor of my Heart.

2.

With sweet Indearments from above
Let him my Soul embrace;
To shew my Int'rest in his Love,
And manifest his Grace.

3.

With Blessings of thy Mouth divine
O may I favour'd be!
More precious is thy Love than Wine,
More sweet than Life to me.

4.

I was among the trait'rous Crew
Doom'd to eternal Fire,
When

† Heb. *thy Loves.*

When he, to pay the Ranſom, flew
On Wings of ſtrong Deſire.

5.

Jeſus the God, with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Croſs and dies,
Then mounts the Throne, with mighty Charms
T' embrace me from the Skies.

6.

His Mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals;
His Kiſſes from above
Are Pardons, Promiſes, and Seals
Of everlaſting Love.

Ver. 3. *Becauſe of the Savour of thy good Ointments, thy Name is as Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love the.*

1.

The Oil of Gladneſs and of Grace,
On thee pour'd largely forth,
Does ſpread around in ev'ry Place
Thy Savour and thy Worth.

2.

Like precious Oil diffus'd, thy Name
Along ſuch Odour ſends,
That hence from Virgin-Souls a Flame
Of holy Love aſcends.

3.

Thy Love to them, thus ſhed abroad,
So much inflames their Heart
With Love to thee; that thou their God
Their Darling alſo art.

4.

O ſav'ry Names! The *Prophet* Kind,
Anointed to inſtruct,

Who

Who by his Counsel leads the Blind,
To glory will conduct.

5.

Th' anointed *Priest*, by solemn Vow,
Did once for Sin atone:
The Blood, that was the Price, is now
The Plea before the Throne.

6.

Th' anointed *King*, to bear the Sway,
And dash the rebel Foes,
To make the feeble win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell oppose.

7.

Each Virgin-Tongue with Pleasure sings
Thy lasting Honours, thus;
" Jesus our Prophet ever brings
" The Light of Life to us.

8.

" Jesus our Priest for ever lives
" To plead for us above.
" Jesus our King for ever gives
" The Blessings of his Love."

Ver. 4. *Draw me, we will run after thee:*——

1.

No Strength to come to thee have I,
Yea, Lord, no Will to move;
Till Pow'r divine my Bonds unty,
And draw with Cords of Love.

2.

O draw me, Jesus, by thy Grace,
Allure me by thy Charms;
Then we will run to thine Embrace,
And flee into thine Arms.

My

3.

My Zeal will other Souls excite
When I am drawn to thee;
With Virgin-Saints will Sinners meet,
And run along with me.

———*The King hath brought me into his Chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee.*———

1.

The glorious King whom I beſought,
Anon my Cry did hear;
Me to his Preſence-Chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

2.

Then ev'ry Thing that did annoy,
While I his Abſence mourn'd,
So quickly vaniſh'd into Joy,
My Grief to Gladneſs turn'd.

3.

We'll now exult in thee, O King,
With holy Chearfulneſs;
Our Hearts will joy, our Lips will ſing,
Our Lives will praiſe expreſs.

———*We will remember thy Love more than Wine: The Upright love thee.*

1.

Our grateful Mem'ries will record
This matchleſs Love of thine,
And keep the Reliſh thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richeſt Wine.

2.

Tho' Fools abound, who nor deſire
Nor Pleaſure fix on thee;

Yet

Yet Wisdom's Children all conspire
To love and joy with me.

3.

Th' Upright without Deceit, that prove
Like Gold without Alloy,
Make thee the Object of their Love,
And Center of their Joy.

Ver. 5. *I am black, but comely, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, as the Tents of* Kedar, *as the Curtains of* Solomon.

1.

Ye that Professors are at large,
Or that are weak in Grace,
Take no Offence at me, I charge,
Nor at my swarthy Face.

2.

Shun not to come and share with me
Both in my Love and Joy,
Because my Visage black ye see
With Sin and sore Annoy.

3.

Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,
And in my outward Lot;
Yet in my lovely, glorious Head
I'm fair without a Spot.

4.

Dusky like *Kedar* Tents am I,
O ye of *Salem*'s Race;
But yet with *Sol'mon*'s Curtains vie
For Comeliness by Grace.

Ver. 6. *Look not upon me, because I am black, because the Sun hath looked upon me. My Mother's Children were angry with me,*——

Then

1.

Then gaze not with disdainful Eyes
On me in Sable clad;
Nor slight my Beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy Shade.

2.

No Wonder I so black became,
If ye the Cause will note:
For sore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With Persecution hot.

3.

False Brethren, that malignant Race,
My Mother's Sons untrue,
In Rage cast Dust upon my Face,
And sully'd all my Hue.

4.

They pour'd on me what open Shame
Their Malice could conceive;
With foul Reproaches stain'd my Name,
And us'd me like a Slave.

——*They made me the Keeper of the Vineyards, but mine own Vineyard have I not kept.*

1.

They of their Vineyards me the Drudge
Oppress with crushing Care:
Such servile Labours, ye may judge,
My Beauty much impair.

2.

Yea, while, alas! thus toil'd, I slept,
And Sloth my Watch remov'd,
I've not my proper Vineyard kept,
My Talents not improv'd.

But

3.

But tho' my Folly hath me marr'd,
And wrought my own Diſtreſs;
Yet be not at Religion ſcarr'd,
Nor ſtumbled at my Bliſs.

4.

For 'gainſt myſelf I bear Record,
That hence my Slav'ry flows:
While I neglect to ſerve my Lord,
I'm left to ſerve my Foes.

Ver. 7. *Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loveth, where thou feedeſt *, and where thou makeſt thy Flocks to reſt at Noon.*

1.

When Sins and Suff'rings work my Grief,
And both depreſs me ſo,
My Lord alone can give Relief;
To him I therefore go.

2.

O thou the Darling of my Heart,
My Soul's beloved One,
Who *Iſra'el*'s kindly Shepherd art,
Thy Paths to me make known.

3.

O ſhew me where thy Flocks are fed,
Where doſt thou cauſe them eat,
And where thou giv'ſt 'em Reſt and Shade
At Noon, from ſcorching Heat.

4.

The Paſture's fat, the Shelter vaſt,
That does thy Sheep incloſe;
Fain would I feed in their Repaſt,
And reſt in their Repoſe.

For

* The Word is here active.

———*For why ſhould I be as one that turneth aſide by the Flocks of thy Companions.*

1.

For why ſhould I, that am thy Bride,
Be left to ſtarve and ſtray,
Or ſeem as one that turns aſide
To any crooked Way?

2.

All other Loves my Soul abhors,
Thy Rivals I diſdain;
With Flocks of thy Competitors
Why ſhould I wander then?

3.

I all the feign'd Companions hate,
They are a Bane to me;
My Soul affects no other Mate,
No other Lord, but thee.

4.

O if I knew thy fix'd Abode,
I'd lodge for ever there;
Where may I then enjoy my God?
O tell me, tell me where!

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 8. *If thou know not, O thou faireſt among Women, go thy Way forth by the Footſteps of the Flock, and feed thy Kids beſide the Shepherds Tents.*

1.

O thou my Bride, whom I eſteem
The faireſt of thy Race,
However black thy Form may ſeem,
While Griefs do veil thy Grace;

2.

Doſt thou not know, my lovely Bride,
The Shadow of the Rock,
Nor Paſtures green where I abide,
And feed my little Flock?

3.

Come follow my directing Grace
Which I afford to thee;
I'll lead thee to the ſweeteſt Place
Of Fellowſhip with me.

4.

That hence thy Feet may never ſwerve,
Nor fall in Snares and Wreck,
The Footſteps of the Flock obſerve,
And follow thou the Track.

5.

See how they climb the Rock in Droves,
To ſocial Worſhip prone;
And forthwith haunt retiring Groves,
To meet with me alone.

6

Keep thou the beaten good old Path,
Yet new and living Way,
Which all my Saints have trode by Faith,
And Prayer, Night and Day.

7.

Tho' none of their diſlik'd Eſcapes
Muſt be a Rule to thee,
Yet follow them in all the Steps
Wherein they follow me.

8.

And, while my Under-ſhepherds Tents
Are kept in good Repair,
Attend them ſtill; for Heav'n preſents
My choiceſt Dainties there.

Theſe

9.

These holy Ordinances are
The Pastures of my Grace:
There feast thyself; nor thence debar
Thy little tender Race.

10.

Bring Children, Servants, all thy Kids
Along, to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all Comers welcome bids
In Offers full and free.

11.

Make all within thy Charge to haunt
These goodly Tents of mine;
For there my Feasts of Love I grant,
To nourish thee and thine.

12.

Thus, that thy Feet no more appear
With other Flocks to roam;
In these my best Inclosures here,
Stay, till I bring thee home.

Ver. 9. *I have* † *compared thee, O my Love, to a Company of Horses in* Pharaoh's *Chariots.*

1.

My Love, on whom the Stream unspent
Of my Affection flows;
Mine Ears have heard the heavy 'Plaint
About thy haughty Foes:

2.

But they shall know to their Remorse,
Their War had better be
To fight with *Pharaoh*'s Chariot-horse,
Than dare to fight with thee.

† Or made thee like to.

3.

To that well harneſt ſtately Rout
I have thy Strength compar'd;
Becauſe my Armour round about
Is thy defenſive Guard.

4.

Thou may'ſt contemn the burniſht Spear,
When brandiſht in the Field;
As warlike Horſes laugh at Fear,
And mock the glitt'ring Shield.

5.

This wing'd Array more ſwiftly damps
The Foes that thee defy,
Than conquering Chariots through the Camps
On thund'ring Wheels that fly.

6.

Weak in thyſelf thou art, but well
In me reſides thy Might:
Therefore, the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
Need never thee affright.

Ver. 10. *Thy Cheeks are comely with Rows of Jewels, thy Neck with Chains of Gold.*

1.

My Love, I heard thee alſo moan
Thy Beauty marr'd and ſpilt;
And ſtile thyſelf a lothſome one,
Deform'd with Sin and Guilt.

2.

But as my Blood does counterpoiſe,
And all thy Guilt diſplace;
So *Jewel*-graces, *Golden*-joys
Do beautify thy Face.

3.

Each Virtue that thy Dreſs beſpeaks
Doth thee more richly deck, Than

Than Rows of Gems adorn the Cheeks,
Or Chains of Gold the Neck.

4.

An Order juſt thy Graces do
Like ev'ny Rows maintain;
By mutual cloſe Connection too,
They're link'd as in a Chain.

5.

Thou haſt thy Royal Lord to thank,
That thee a Moor betroth'd;
And then conform to higheſt Rank,
With Gold and Jewels cloth'd.

6.

To make thy Cheeks and Neck ſo fair,
Mine gave I to the Stroke;
My Cheeks to them that pluckt the Hair,
My Neck to Juſtice's Block.

Ver. 11. *We will make* * *thee Borders of Gold, with Studs of Silver.*

1.

Object not, ſaying, How ſhall I,
So weak, ſo black a Swain,
Such Beauties in the divine Eye,
Or furniſh, or maintain?

2.

For with united Pow'r divine,
—We, FATHER, SON and SP'RIT,
Do ſtand engag'd thee to refine,
And make thy Form compleat.

3.

Keep thou no finite Pow'rs in View,
To grace and deck thee thus;

* The Word uſed for making Man at firſt, *Gen.* i. 6.

Creation-work, both old and new,
Belongs to none but US.

4.

WE'll make thee yet more radiant Gems
Of Grace, without thine Aid,
To fence thy Robe, like golden Hems
With Silver Studs inlaid.

5.

Thy growing Grace shall thrive, and bear
A perfect Crop at length;
Yet by no Might within thy Sphere,
But OUR concurring Strength.

6.

Thy Gold and Silver Ornament
Must strong and lasting prove;
For lo, it is th' pow'rful Vent
Of our eternal Love.

7.

Of old, the good, the great THREE ONE,
Did jointly take thy Part;
Thy naked Soul WE thought upon,
With Pity in OUR Heart.

8.

WE held a Council for thy Good,
Where I, without a Sob,
Did chuse a Vesture dipt in Blood,
To buy thy golden Robe.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 12. *While the King sitteth at his Table, my Spikenard sendeth forth the Smell thereof.*

1.

Lo! Zion's King array'd in State,
And Love his luring Vest,

Makes

Makes ample Grace his royal Treat,
And me his welcome Gueſt.

2.

When this his ſplendid Table-head
Is with his Preſence crown'd,
My Graces then like Spikenard ſpread
Their grateful Odours round.

3.

With joyful Heart I ſmile and ſing,
Each Grace doth riſe and run;
As languid Plants revive and ſpring
In Preſence of the Sun.

4.

If he withdraw they fade and faint,
Their Vigour is reſtrain'd;
But, by his ſweet Return, their Scent
And Savour is regain'd.

5.

While at his royal Feaſt he ſits,
Such Verdure freſh is giv'n,
That ev'ry Sprig of Grace emits
A fragrant Smell of Heav'n.

6.

My glad Affections leap and dance,
When with a ſmiling Face,
The King does ſpread and countenance
The Table of his Grace,

Ver. 13. *A Bundle of Myrrh is my Well-beloved unto me; he ſhall lie all Night betwixt my Breaſts.*

1.

No Wonder that my Spikenard ſmells
So ſweetly when he comes;

His Love, that caſts the Scent, excells
The choiceſt of Perfumes.

2

Faith, Love and Joy begin to ſtir,
And ſpread their Odours high,
When *Jeſus*, like a Bunch of Myrrh,
Does in my Boſom lie.

3.

From this enfolded Bundle flies
His Savour all abroad:
Such complicated Sweetneſs lies
In my incarnate God.

4.

Abundant Virtue here I ſee
To ev'ry Caſe adapt;
The Fulneſs of a Deity
Is in the Bundle wrapt.

5.

Yea, in my well-beloved Lord
This Plenitude divine,
Is for my Uſe and Comfort ſtor'd;
For he himſelf is mine.

6.

And has he deign'd thus from above
To ſhew his glorious Charms?
I'll hold him faſt by Faith and Love,
As in my folded Arms.

7.

My Heart and Boſom where he reſts,
No other Love ſhall know;
There he embrac'd ſhall lie, while laſts
The Night of Sin and Woe.

8.

This ſweet Repoſe ſhall wear away
The Shadows of the Night,

Until

Until the Dawning of the Day
Of everlasting Light.

Ver. 14. *My Beloved is unto me as a Cluster of* † *Camphire in the Vineyards of* En-gedi.

1.

My best Belov'd, to whom the Wings
Of my Affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest Things
Of Heav'n and Earth to me.

2.

In Vineyards of fair *En-gedi*
Are Camphire Clusters sweet:
How infinitely more is he,
In whom I am compleat?

3.

When Sin and Wrath my Conscience press,
He standeth for my Good,
A Cluster full of Righteousness,
And Wrath-appeasing Blood.

4.

Still fresh in View, I may design
His dying Love to me,
Like Myrrh and Camphire, sweet and fine,
New bleeding from the Tree.

5.

By Faith I eat the Cluster prest,
And drink the Blood he spilt:
Of all Love-Banquets, here's the best,
Atonement for my Guilt.

6.

To me this Bleeding Love of his
Shall ever precious be;

† *Copher*, the same Word that signifies an *Atonement* or *Propitiation*.

Whatever he to others is,
He's all in all to me.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 15. *Behold, thou art fair, my Love; behold, thou art fair, thou haſt Doves Eyes.*

1.

What! Is thy Heart a Bed of Reſt
A Room reſerv'd for me?
Behold, I come to be thy Gueſt,
And vent my Heart to thee.

2.

My Truth, that can't the falſe Decoy
Of flatt'ring Lips approve,
Aſſerts to elevate thy Joy,
Thou art my pleaſant Love.

3.

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair;
Twice, fair thou art, I ſay;
My Righteouſneſs and Graces are
Thy double bright Array.

4.

Tho' thou a ſpotted Leopard,
And black, thyſelf doſt ſee:
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
I'll ſee no Spot in thee.

5.

When to a Dog of no Avail
Thou humbly doſt compare,
And call thyſelf a Maſs of Hell,
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

6.

But ſince thy Faith can hardly own
My Beauty put on thee;

Be-

Behold! Behold! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me.

7.

I ſee the Beauty of the Dove
Within thy Soul that lies;
Affections there exactly move,
Like Turtles charming Eyes.

8.

So modeſt, humble, pure and chaſte,
And faithful to their Mate;
On me alone they fix and reſt,
And all my Rivals hate.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my Beloved, yea, pleaſant:*——

1.

What Wonders, Lord, doſt thou perform,
That ſtoopeſt thus ſo low,
To put thy Beauty on a Worm,
And then commend it ſo?

2.

What! doſt thou praiſe a native Black?
I bluſh to find it true:
O lend me Words, to render back
The Praiſe to whom 'tis due.

3.

Lo! my Beloved, THOU, ev'n THOU
Art infinitely far;
Yea, altogether pleaſant too,
And ſweet beyond compare.

4.

All divine Comelineſs in thee
Moſt glorioufly does ſhine;

What

What Beauty thou commends in me,
Is but the Shade of thine.

5.

Doſt thou applaud the little Stream
That from thy Fullneſs roſe?
How highly then ſhould I eſteem
The Fountain whence it flows!

6.

How ſhall I thee extol, my God?
It ſhames me to be mute,
When thou exalts a lothſome Clod,
Wrapt in a borrow'd Suit.

7.

But who, alas! can Words invent,
To magnify thy Grace?
Seraphic Pencils cannot paint
The Beauties of thy Face.

8.

May my delighted Eye ſtill gaze
On charming Pleaſures here;
And what I cannot loudly praiſe,
I'll ſilently admire.

———*Alſo our Bed is green.*

1.

How can my Tongue the Favours hide
That thus my Heart attach?
For never was a worthleſs Bride
So happy in her Match.

2.

Beſides, his Perſonage ſo great,
His Equipage is fine;
His Furniture and Bed of State,
For Fellowſhip divine.

Where

3.

Where here his Love abroad is ſhed,
My Soul, his chearful Gueſt,
Sleeps in his Arms, as in a Bed
Of holy Joy and Reſt.

4.

If Wiſdom in a Myſtery
Will Heav'n to Hell betroth,
Th' enſuing Miracle muſt be
One Bed to ſerve us both.

5.

What Kindneſs here he does avouch,
No mortal Tongue can tell:
The Heir of Heav'n has made a Couch
To bug an Heir of Hell.

6.

Lo, this our Bed of ſweet Solace,
Green like the verdant Field,
Abundant Fruits of Holineſs
Does by his Bleſſing yield.

7.

To deck our Bed of nuptial Loves,
Buds of the Spring conveen;
My pregnant Soul ſo fertile proves,
I'm like an Olive green.

8.

Fair Bloſſoms of indulgent Grace
That ſhade the Temple round,
With lively Verdure paint the Place,
And ſpread the holy Ground.

Ver. 17. *The Beams of our Houſe are Cedar, and our* † *Rafters of* ‖ *Fir.*

Our

† Or *Galleries*, ‖ Or *Cypreſs.*

1.

Our nuptial-bed in Zion ſtands,
Within our royal Court :
For there the Bleſſing God commands,
There is his lov'd Reſort.

2.

Our ſtately Dwelling-houſe excels
The Seats of mortal Kings ;
Whoſe pompous Courts are nothing elſe
But ſpacious empty Things.

3.

Their gaudy Grandeur ſhrinks away
Within their with'ring Bow'rs ;
No gilded Houſe of mould'ring Clay
Is ſure and ſtrong like ours.

4.

The holy Cov'nant Heav'n commands
With Promiſes of Note ;
By which our Houſe compacted ſtands,
Are Beams that never rot.

5.

No Cedar-wood from *Lebanon*,
Nor Fir ſo firm endures,
As theſe our Rafters, which alone
Almighty Pow'r ſecures.

6.

Thus ſtabliſht even our lower Courts,
Defy the Gates of Hell ;
For everlaſting Strength ſupports
The Dome wherein we dwell.

7.

In precious Cypreſs Gall'ries here
We walk along in State ;
Such are the Ordinances dear
Of my imperial Mate.

In

8.

In these sweet Mansions of his Grace,
I'll walk with great Delight,
Till he prepare a nobler Place,
To walk with him in white.

CHAP. II.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *I am the Rose of* Sharon, *and the Lily of the Valleys.*

1.

SUCH tainted Air from *Adam*'s Bow'r,
O'er curs'd Mankind blows,
That no green Bed, nor sav'ry Flow'r,
In Nature's Desart grows.

2.

Thou then that sings the verdant Bed,
Adorn'd with Flow'rs of Grace;
Come see the Rose and Lily spread,
That thus perfumes the Place.

3.

I, JESUS, am the fragrant Rose,
That healing Odours yields;
And free for common Profit grows,
In *Sharon*'s open Field.

4.

That all who please, may freely come,
Of lapsed human Race;

And

And ſhare the ſanative Perfume,
That ſuits their ſickly Caſe.

5.

My bleeding Love ſo oft expreſt
To guilty Sinners, ſhews
A Beauty in my bloody Veſt,
Beyond the ruddy Roſe.

6.

Should I to comely Flow'rs compare
The Beauties of my Face,
Roſes and Lilies, red and fair,
Would ſtrive in it for Place.

7.

But what's my common Paint, caſt o'er
The Bloſſoms of the Field?
Tho' *Solomon* in all his Glore
Muſt to their Splendor yield.

8.

Their comely Form but ſerves to foil
The Flow'r of Flowr's above,
Sprung from the hotteſt heav'nly Soil,
My Father's fervent Love;

9.

Who thence the Lily did tranſlate
To Valleys here below,
That Virtue from my humbled State
To ſinful Worms might flow:

10.

And that in Vales of Miſery
When with'ring Comforts fail,
The Roſe of Heav'n might alſo be
The Lily of the Vale.

Ver. 2 *As the Lily among the Thorns, ſo is my Love among the Daughters.*

While

While I the Roſe and Lily fair,
Join'd, as my Title claim,
My Love, the Bride, muſt have a Share
Of my enamel'd Name.

2.

Mine Image ſhe ſo harmleſs bears
Amidſt a furious broil;
She as a Lily fair appears
Ev'n in a thorny Soil.

3.

Among the Daughters of Deſpite,
The Offspring of the Earth,
Her Lily-form, ſo lovely white,
Shews her ſuperior Birth.

4.

Beſet with Briers that pierce and pain,
Yet precious in my View,
She pure and harmleſs does remain
Among the noxious Crew.

5.

The whole of Satan's Children are
A Field of hurtful Thorns,
Enrag'd by Hell, to ſcratch and mar
The Flow'r that Heav'n adorns.

6.

But I'll provide in this Turmoil
My Lily with a Shield;
And afterward a better Soil,
My glorious Azure Field.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 3. *As the Apple-tree among the Trees of the Wood, ſo is my Beloved among the Sons*

1.

My deareſt Love has won my Heart
With his † mellifluous Tongue;
That gives unworthy me a Part,
Both in his Name and Song.

2.

He to my Need, his Names doth ſuit,
As if he could not be
A Roſe and Lily of Repute,
Without adorning me.

3.

His ſav'ry Titles thus made known,
In ſuch endearing Ways,
As wrap my Name within his own,
Provoke my Heart to Praiſe.

4.

Awake, my Soul, commend his Grace,
And ſing the living Tree,
Who by ſuch Apples of Solace
Commends himſelf to thee.

5.

Above the Daughters of the Earth
Does he extol thy Name?
Above the Sons of higher Birth
I will his Praiſe proclaim.

6.

As Garden Apple-trees excel
The Foreſt's barren Race, So

† *Sweetly eloquent.*

So ſhines my Lord o'er Mortals all,
With a ſuperior Grace.

7.

His Fruit ſo ſweet, his Form ſo fair,
His healing Leaves ſo broad;
This Tree of Life bears no Compare
With Sons of Men, or God.

8.

Created Shrubs, wild Gourds be gone,
I climb a higher Tree:
Jeſus, the living God, alone
Yields Shade and Sap to me.

——— *I ſat down under his Shadow with great Delight, and his Fruit was ſweet to my Taſte.*

1.

What Fool ſoever diſagrees,
My ſweet Experience proves,
That Jeſus is the Tree of Trees,
Among a Thouſand Groves.

2.

From Paradiſe, wherein he grows,
He ſpreads his Branches vaſt,
To give ſweet Shade for my Repoſe,
Sweet Fruit for my Repaſt.

3.

When ſore fatigu'd, I ſat by Faith
Beneath his cooling Shade,
Screen'd from the Heat of ſcorching Wrath,
My ſhelter'd Soul was glad.

4.

The Shadow of his Righteouſneſs,
The Covert of his Blood,

When

When conſcious Guilt and Dread oppreſs,
A happy Peace conclude.

5.

This Shadow ſhields me from the Fire
That ſtrikes the Dread and Awe;
The burning Flames of divine Ire,
And *Sinai*'s fiery Law.

6.

Such Shelter this thick Shade imparts,
That no Temptation fierce,
No feather'd Shafts, nor fiery Darts,
Can once the Shadow pierce.

7.

When *Chriſt* my Skreen is interpos'd
Between the Flames and me,
My joyful Heart and Lips unclos'd,
Adore the glorious Tree.

8

No mortal Tongue can ſpeak the Bliſs
That in his Shade is giv'n;
For then I'm ſafe from all Diſtreſs,
And taſte an early Heav'n.

9.

The Tree does with immortal Food
My fainting Soul ſolace,
With Fruits, the Purchaſe of his Blood,
The Apples of his Grace.

10.

O here's the Tree of Life, that gives
The Virtue Sinners need;
Enliv'ning Fruit, and healing Leaves,
To raiſe and cure the Dead.

11.

Pardons, and Promiſes, and Joys
Upon his Branches grow;

Which,

Which, bending down with gentle Poiſe,
Unload themſelves below.

12.

Laden with Grace, his Fruit he drops,
And ſpreads my Table o'er,
To pleaſe my Taſte, and feed my Hopes,
Until I feaſt in Glore.

Ver. 4. *He brought me to the* † *banqueting Houſe, and his Banner over me was Love.*

1.

Who but my Lord, the living Tree,
My Leader alſo is,
That brings me near to taſte and ſee
This Love and Grace of his?

2.

Becauſe my Fall, he kindly thought,
Did *Nature*'s Pow'r diſplace;
To his Wine-Cellars I was brought
By his almighty *Grace*.

3.

Brought from his Garden, to his Houſe,
To taſte more Joy divine;
From ſipping of the Apple Juice,
To drink the ſpiced Wine.

4.

With ſweet and raviſhing Solace
my Soul was feaſted there,
In Ordinances of his Grace,
The Houſe of his Repair.

5.

And lo! the Royal Flag diſplay'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding Vine,
Along my ſolemn Entrance led
Into his Houſe of Wine. With

† *Or Houſe of Wine.*

6.

With flying Colours did I move,
And march triumphantly;
For then was *Love*, victorious *Love*,
His *Banner* lifted high.

7.

The Signal of his Grace adorn'd
That ſtately March of mine:
And for my Entertainment turn'd
My Water into Wine.

8.

Love's conqu'ring Flag for War ſo near,
Did all my Sins ſubdue;
Love led the Van, Love fenc'd the Rear,
Love daſht the helliſh Crew.

9.

My fainting Heart was giving o'er,
Till with his Enſign ſpread,
My Standard-bearer went before,
And all the Furies fled.

10.

Soul now to Arms; Love fights and wins,
This Banner guards my Life;
Almighty Love will ſlay my Sins,
And end the bloody Strife.

11.

Still therefore to purſue the Chace,
'Till I triumph above;
I'll mind the Banquet of his Grace,
The Banner of his Love.

12.

With Love he march'd, with Love he led,
With Love he arm'd my Breaſt;
With Love he drew, with Love he fed,
With Love he crown'd the Feaſt.

Ver.

Ver. 5. * *Stay me with Flagons,* † *comfort me with Apples; for I am ſick of Love.*

1.

Lo! while my Mem'ry does review
His matchleſs bleeding Love,
My Spirit falls a bleeding too,
My Bowels melt and move.

2

O ye whoſe Office is to bear
The Veſſels of his Grace;
Bring Flagons full of Comfort here,
And Apples of Solace.

3.

Large Veſſels fetch without Delay,
With Cordials from above:
Haſte, ere my Spirits ſwoon away;
I'm ſick, I'm ſick of Love.

4.

I'm overcome, I faint, I fail,
'Till Love ſhall Love relieve:
More Love Divine the Wound can heal,
That Love Divine did give.

5.

The *Agent* Chriſt alone I view,
Though now my Soul that faints,
In Sickneſs raves of Aid from you,
That are but *Inſtruments.*

6.

Fill out the Wine my Lord did bleed
To ſtay and ſtrengthen me:
The deeper in his Love I wade,
The ſweeter ſtill is he.

Straw

* *Here the Verbs are in the Plural Number,* Stay ye me, comfort ye me. † Straw me.

7.

Straw me with Apples all along;
Their Taſte does ſo ſurpriſe.
I'd lie and roll myſelf among
These Fruits of Paradiſe.

8.

Support this ſinking Heart of mine
Beneath a Weight of Love,
With living Fruit, and gen'rous Wine
From Azure Fields above.

9.

I cannot ſurfeit here, nor ſiſt,
Ev'n tho' my Cup run o'er;
But feed on Hunger, drink on Thirſt,
And covet always more.

10.

New Feaſts of Love I ſeek, to free
And give Love ſickneſs Eaſe;
How can I loathe what ſickens me,
So ſweet is my Diſeaſe?

11.

The Love, the Love that I beſpeak,
Does Wonders in my Soul:
For when I'm whole, it makes me ſick;
When ſick, it makes me whole.

12.

More of the Joy that makes me faint,
Would give me preſent Eaſe:
If more ſhould kill me, I'm content
To die of that Diſeaſe.

Ver. 6. *His left Hand is under my Head, and his right Hand doth embrace me.*

How ſoon my fainting Soul did cry
For Cordials to be brought, So

So ſoon my Lord himſelf drew nigh,
With more than I had ſought.

2.

I ſought Wine-Flagons, but anon
The Vine drew near to me:
I ſought but Apples in my Swoon,
And lo, I found the Tree.

3.

When I on Servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himſelf with Speed
Did in his Arms of Love, amain
Uphold my fainting Head.

4.

My Heart's Deſire is now obtain'd,
I have my Royal Gueſt,
And, by his kind Embrace ſuſtain'd,
Do in his Boſom reſt.

5.

He does with Joys that can't be told
My Health and Strength repair,
And both his Hands about me hold,
To ſhew his tender Care.

6.

His left Hand for my *Support* he
Beneath my Head doth place;
And for my *Comfort* lendeth me
His right Hand's ſoft Embrace.

7.

His Preſence brings a plenteous Show'r
Of Bleſſings from above;
For now I'm *guarded* with his Pow'r,
And *girded* with his Love.

8.

For my *Solace*, 'gainſt Sin and Death,
I feel his glorious Charms,

And for my *Safety* underneath,
His everlaſting Arms.

Ver. 7. *I* ‖ *charge you, O ye Daughters of Jeruſalem, by the Roes, and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye ſtir not up, nor awake my* * *Love, till he pleaſe.*

1.

Immortal Love, her Reſt and Room
Does in my Boſom take;
Wo to the Fury that ſhall come
This joyful Reſt to break.

2.

Soon as the tim'rous Hinds and Roes
Are ſcar'd from Sleep and Reſt,
Would Earth and Hell this ſweet Repoſe
Maliciouſly infeſt.

3.

O *Salem*'s Daughters then I pray,
And charge you, ſtand in Awe
To *waken Love*, or do what may
Make *Jeſus* to withdraw.

4.

Yea, all about me I adjure,
Profeſſors and Profane,
Excepting neither Rich nor Poor,
The Sov'reign nor the Swain;

5.

By pleaſant Roes and loving Hinds,
Affections, Emblem meet;

By

‖ *Heb.* Adjure you. * *The Word* my *is a Supplement, and the Word* Love *is in the feminine Gender. She ſpeaks of Chriſt as that* Love *eminently or* Love in *the Abſtract; The Original runs,* That ye ſtir not up nor awake Love, till it pleaſe.

By all that's dear to loving Minds,
And ev'ry Thing that's ſweet;

6.

By all that's lovely in your Eyes,
I earneſtly obteſt,
Since *Jeſus* in my Boſom lies,
You may not mar his Reſt.

7.

Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly Toys,
Far be ye from my Heart;
Approach not to diſturb my Joys,
Nor cauſe my Lord depart.

8.

His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy Hour is this:
Why ſhould ye prove ſuch curſed Foes
To interrupt my Bliſs?

9.

My glorious Lord now ſleeps within
Mine Arms of Faith and Love;
I charge myſelf, my Heart, my Sin,
Not once to ſtir nor move.

10.

He may as Sov'reign countermand
The Signals of his Grace;
But never let a ſinful Hand
Of mine, eclipſe his Face.

11.

Let no deceitful Luſts attend,
To rob me of his Charms;
Nor curſed Unbelief, to rend
My Love out of mine Arms.

12.

I all the Spawn of Hell explode,
That would his reſt annoy;

O may I never grieve my God,
Nor ſin away my Joy.

Ver. 8. *The Voice of my Beloved! Behold, he cometh, leaping † upon the Mountains, ſkipping upon the Hills.*

1.

Sweet was the Reſt, but ſhort the Stay
Of Jeſus my Belov'd,
Who lately in my Boſom lay,
But inſtantly remov'd.

2.

Thus doth my ſov'reign Lord declare
The Freedom of his Charms,
By ſlipping off, amidſt my Care
To hold him in mine Arms.

3.

Great Hills, alas! now interveen
Betwixt my Lord and me;
His Voice unheard, his Face unſeen:
Stop, ſtop, I hear, I ſee.

4.

The Voice of my Beloved ſounds,
I know the charming *Lyre*;
No mortal Voice ſo ſweetly wounds
And raviſhes mine Ear.

5.

I hear the Voice, I feel the Dart,
My Breaſt begins to burn:
The *joyful Sound* revives my Heart
With Hopes of his Return.

6.

In's Volume, *Lo I come*, ſaid he;
And now I ſee him move

In

† *Or*, over.

In ſolemn Triumph towards me,
On Wings of wond'rous Love.

7.

His Coming *in the Fleſh* I view,
Glad Heav'n his March attends:
And Coming *in the Spirit* too,
For lo, the Dove deſcends.

8.

Dark Shades adieu, bright Morning ſprings,
Behold the gilded Sphere!
Incarnate Love's perfumed Wings
Now cleave the ſhady Air.

9.

He, over Hills and Mountains high,
Comes flying on the Clouds,
In ſtately Pomp advancing nigh
Thro' all oppoſing Crouds.

10.

Of Principalities and Pow'rs
He makes an open Shew;
Down, in his March, he throws the Tow'rs
Of Hell's outrageous Crew.

11.

He ſkips o'er Rocks without Delay,
Nor tarries he to climb;
For Hills and Mountains in the Way
Are but a Leap to him.

12.

O'er Heaps of Sin to run he deigns,
O'er Hills of Guilt to flee:
Nor Death, nor Hell, nor Wrath reſtrains
His loving March to me.

Ver. 9. *My Beloved is like a Roe, or a young Hart:*——

1.

When Faith itſelf could hardly ſee,
What Pow'r could ever pave
The rocky Mountains whereon he
Muſt come to ſeek and ſave;

2.

When manifold Obſtructions met,
My loving *Jeſus* made
A ſtepping Stone of ev'ry Lett
That in his Way was laid.

3.

O'er Hills of Sin and Vales of Grief,
O'er Mountains, Rocks and Seas,
For my Salvation and Relief
He runs, he leaps, he flies.

4.

O'er every *Bether*, high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding Roe
Or loving youthful Hart.

5.

To manifeſt that his Delights
Were with the Sons of Men,
He haſtens to reſtore their Rights,
And riſe Satan's Den.

6.

No Doubt remains of his Good-will,
Whoſe ſpeedy March does prove
His joyful Fondneſs to fulfil
His Purpoſes of Love.

7.

When hainous Treſpaſſes of mine
Make me conclude that he
Will never any more incline
Again to viſit me.

And yet I see him hasting near,
And smiling in my Face;
How can I but adore, admire,
And magnify his Grace?

——*Behold, he standeth behind our Wall, he looketh * forth at the Windows, ‖ shewing himself through the Latteſs.*

1.

Come, Friends, admire how he renews
The Visits of his Grace,
And in what various Forms he shews
The Beauties of his Face.

2.

His darkest Ways will prove him kind;
For, when he hides at all,
He goes not far, but stands behind
Our own Partition-Wall.

3.

Tho' we, alas! do build up high
The hiding Wall of Sin:
Yet he behind it, very nigh,
Stands ready to come in.

4.

His Feet no Rest can elsewhere take,
But skipping, leaping, move,
Till me the resting-place he make,
And Center of his Love.

5.

And tho', while in this distant Place,
This Vale of Sin and Thrall,
There's still between me and his Face
A thick, a dark'ning Wall;

Yet

* *Or rather* looketh in. ‖ *Flourishing.*

6.

Yet Diſtance alters not his Love,
Nor ought abates his Care,
Which force him through the Wall to move,
And make a Window there:

7.

That there, as through a Window-glaſs
However dark and dim,
His Eye of Love to me may paſs,
Mine Eye of Faith to him.

8.

Thro' Latteſſes that Light divide,
Thro' glorious Goſpel-lines,
A Vail of Fleſh, a pierced Side,
His Love, his Beauty ſhines.

9.

Thus, like a beauteous Flow'r in Spring,
He ſhews himſelf in State,
Before the Window flouriſhing,
And growing thro' the Grate.

Ver. 10. *My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me; Riſe up, my Love, my fair one, and come away* *.

1.

When my Beloved Jeſus nigh
Did to my Soul appear,
His matchleſs Beauty charm'd mine Eye,
His gracious Words mine Ear.

2.

Why, tho' the ſweeteſt Favours giv'n
Are in his felt Embrace;
Yet ſureſt Intercourſe with Heav'n
Is by his Word of Grace.

I'll

* *See Ver.* 13.

3.

I'll therefore ſing the Words he ſaid,
And his alluring Art,
Who me no ſilent Viſit made,
But ſpake into my Heart.

4.

The joyful Sound my Soul reſtor'd,
And heal'd to that Degree,
I never will forget his Word
By which he quickned me.

5.

" Riſe up, ſaid he, my pleaſant Bride,
" And leave what thee annoys ;
" Lay killing Fears and Damps aſide,
" And ſhare my quickning Joys.

6.

" My Love, there is no Spot in thee
" But what my Grace ſhall hide ;
" Thou art, and evermore ſhalt be
" My fair and comely Bride.

7.

" And ſince thou'rt mine by ſolemn Tie,
" And I'm ſo fond of thee,
" It ill becomes thee to be ſhy,
" And carry ſtrange to me.

8.

" Are mortal Pleaſures worth thy Stay ?
" Flee from their dying Arms ;
" Haſte to my Boſom, come away,
" And ſhare immortal Charms.

Ver. 11. *For lo, the Winter is paſt, the Rain is over and gone.*

1.

" Come, Love, ſaid he, for now thy Way
" Is pleaſant, ſafe and plain :

" Behold a fair inviting Day,
" And Heav'n above, serene.

2.

" Fear not the Storm; for, ere I gave
" The gracious Call to thee,
" Fair Weather I commanded have,
" And calm'd the raging Sea.

3.

" Thou hast no dang'rous Winter-flight,
" No Drop of Wrath to dread;
" The Storm did with a Vengeance light
" Down on thy Surety's Head.

4.

" So full did I my Charge perform
" Once in thy Room and Place,
" That now no killing wrathful Storm
" Can blow upon thy Face.

5.

" Tempestuous Wrath and Death is past,
" Stern Justice is appeas'd;
" Since I courageous bore the Blast,
" All Heav'n is fully pleas'd.

6.

" I call thee not to fight and bleed,
But free of Pain and Toil,
" To follow thy victorious Head,
" And gather in the Spoil.

7.

" Yea, Winter of Desertion's past,
" And Rain of Trouble o'er,
" While by my Presence now thou hast
" An † Antepast of Glore.

Ver.

† *Or* Foretaste.

Ver. 12. *The Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of the* † *Singi g of Birds is come.*——

1.

" Come, come; for now, beloved Bride,
" By warming Beams of Grace,
" The youthful Spring with flow'ry Pride,
" Looks ſmiling in thy Face.

2

" See lapſed Nature's curſed Earth,
" Nipt with a Winter fall,
" Now bleſs'd with Buds of heav'nly Birth
" And Flow'rs around the Ball.

3.

" See *Adam*'s dry and blaſted Root,
" Where Briers and Thorns were riſe,
" Now bud and bear unfading Fruit
" Unto immortal Life.

4.

" Lo, Heav'n appears upon the Ground
" Where Hell grew up apace;
" While earthly Hearts do now abound
" With heav'nly Flow'rs of Grace.

5.

" The fading Trees of Righteouſneſs
" Reſume their fruitful Life,
" While I the Branches lop and dreſs,
" And bleſs the pruning Knife.

6.

" The pleaſant Time of peaceful Spring
" From win'try Bluſters free,
" Invite the heav'nly Birds to ſing
" Upon the living Tree.

And

† *Heb.* The Time of Singing is come. *The Word rendered* ſinging, *ſignifies alſo to* prune or crop.

—— *And the Voice of the* ‖*Turtle is heard in our Land.*

1.

" Lo, now is heard the heav'nly Dove,
" The ſacred Turtle's Voice ;
" The joyful Sound of Grace and Love
" Makes drooping Hearts rejoice.

2.

" Reſounding Echoes through the Plain
" From all my little Doves,
" That in the Valleys mourn amain,
" Melodious Muſic proves.

3.

" Their Hearts that nor could joy uor mourn,
" So cloſe bound up and pent,
" Have now, upon their Lord's Return,
" A joyful, mournful Vent.

4.

" As loving Friends long diſtant do
" Moſt joyful meet their Wiſh,
" Whoſe Sorrows during Abſence, now
" Diſſolving, bleed afreſh.

5.

" So wreſtling Tribes in chearful Mones
" Their Lord approaching wait,
" With joyful Hearts, yet mournful Tones,
" As Turtles meet their Mate.

6.

" Sweet Sounds, alluring all that liſt,
" Are heard on every Hand,
" Around the Field that I have bleſt,
" And ſtil'd *Immanuel's Land.*

Ver.

‖ *By the Turtle ſome underſtand the Spirit, ſome the Bride.*

Ver. 13. *The Fig-Tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vine with the tender Grape, give a good Smell.*——

1.

" Now, now is the accepted Time,
" When heav'nly Plants of Grace
" All preſſing forward to their Prime,
" And thriving, grow apace.

2.

" The Figs, tho' yet unripe for Meat,
" Appear in green Array:
" Young Grapes unripe for Drink, yet ſweet,
" and ſav'ry Scents convey.

3.

" With Joy the early Sprigs I ſee,
" The young and tender Race:
" And view with Pleaſure in mine Eye
" The ſmalleſt Buds of Grace.

4.

" Yea, lo, the well-advanced Spring
" Does in Abundance now
" Not only Flow'rs for Pleaſure bring,
" But Fruits for Profit too.

5.

" The living Vine inceſſant does
" To ev'ry Branch diſpenſe,
" Moſt ſweet and odorif'rous Juice
" From Steams of Hell to fence.

6.

" Are Serpents ſaid to flee the Smell
" Of Vines, with Fear and Dread?
" Perfumes of Heav'n's true Vine repel
" Th' old Serpent and his Seed.

Ariſe,

——— *Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away.**

1.

" Rise, drooping Bride, while Spring so sweet,
" In Place of Winter snell,
" Does thus by various Charms invite
" Thine Eyes, and Ears, and Smell.

2.

" Fair Love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,
" 'Tis thee I'm loth to want;
" Come to thy heav'nly Mate, and bid
" All earthly Loves avaunt.

3.

" Thy Company and Love to gain
" I am so strongly bent,
" I'll still insist, till I obtain
" Thy full and free Consent.

4.

" Haste to mine Arms; for, didst thou move
" As I'm to thee inclin'd,
" Thy Heart would on the Wings of Love
" Outfly the hasty Wind.

Ver. 14. *O my Dove, that art in the Clefts of the Rock, in the secret Places of the Stairs, let me see thy Countenance, let me hear thy Voice: for sweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.*

1.

" My Dove, that in the lofty Rock
" Art wont to nestle high,
" And to my Wounds, when Storms provoke,
" As shelt'ring Holes to fly;

" In

* *See Ver.* 10.

2.

" In ſecret Corners wont to vent
" Thy Heart to me alone:
" Kindly to pour thy heavy Plaint,
" And make thy humble Mean:

3.

" O why doſt thou, that built ſo high,
" At every threatning Shock,
" So tim'rous now for Shelter fly
" To any lower Rock?

4.

" Why, frighted from thy lofty Neſt,
" To lurking Holes and Clifts
" Doſt take, with Shame and Fear oppreſt,
" Such vain and ſorry Shifts.

5.

" Look up, my Dove; nor bluſh, nor fear
" Thy heav'nly Mate to face,
" Who wills thee boldly to appear
" Before his Throne of Grace.

6.

" Lift Voice and Count'nance both upright
" With Confidence to me;
" And let thy Voice mine Ears delight,
" Thy Countenance, mine Eye.

7.

" For ſweet's thy Voice of Pray'r and Praiſe,
" Which pleaſe me more to hear,
" Than ever choice melodious Lays
" Could charm a mortal Ear.

8.

" Thy humbleſt mournful Notes, my Dove,
" Excel, in my Eſteem,
" Their higheſt Strains that artful rove
" In Orat'ry ſublime.

" Thy

9.

" Thy Countenance is alſo fair,
" And comely in mine Eyes ;
" Tho' earthly Minds with ſcornful Air
" Thy heav'nly Mien deſpiſe.

10.

" For, while my Righteouſneſs compleat
" Is ſtill thy Robe renown'd,
" My Graces in thy Count'nance meet,
" And caſt their Luſtre round.

Ver. 15. † *Take us the Foxes, the little Foxes that ſpoil the Vines ; for our Vines have tender Grapes.*

1.

" But ſince my Bride's a tim'rous Dove,
" Soon ſcar'd and ſet aſtray ;
" Care muſt be taken to remove
" The fright'ning Beaſts of Prey.

2.

" Of hurtful Foes a helliſh Brood
" Againſt her Peace combines ;
" As in a Vineyard Foxes rude
" Infeſt the feeble Vines.

3.

" Let all concern'd in her and me
" Soon, at our Inſtance, ſeize
" The Foxes great and ſmall they ſee,
" That ſpoil the riſing Trees.

4.

" Ye Miniſters of my Affairs,
" My Vineyard who attend,
" I charge you guard againſt the Snares
" That do the Vines offend.

" All

† Take, *in the Original, is in the Plural Number,* Take ye.

5.

" All erring Teachers ſoon deſcry,
" Deceitful Workers check;
" All falſe Apoſtles take and try,
" Refute, repel, reject.

6.

" No cunning Spoilers ſlightly mark,
" No little Foxes ſpare:
" For theſe no ſmall Deſtruction work,
" No little Miſchief ſhare.

7.

" A little Fox ſoon ſpoils and rents
" Small Branches to the Stump:
" A little Leaven ſoon ferments
" And leavens all the Lump.

8.

" Our Vines have ſmall and tender Grapes:
" And if the ſtrong, the big
" With much ado the Hurt eſcapes,
" How hardly will the Sprig?

9.

" Each Soul be alſo taught to catch
" Small Foxes hid in Heart,
" Vain Thoughts, deceitful Luſts, that hatch
" And gender grievous Smart.

10.

" Their little riſing Brats deſtroy,
" Their ſmall Beginnings huſh;
" Elſe they the Buds of Grace and Joy,
" The tender Branches, cruſh.

Ver. 16. *My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth* * *among the Lilies* †.

Such

* Viz. *Himſelf or his People.*
† *His People or his Ordinances.*

1.

Such were the kindly Words he ſpoke
To give my Soul Repoſe;
Such was the Order ſtrict he took
With my diſturbing Foes.

2.

I'll therefore boldly now aſſert,
While yet he hides his Face,
And own his Int'reſt in my Heart,
My Int'reſt in his Grace.

3.

Lo, I am his, and he is mine,
Our Titles are involv'd
By Myſtick Union, ſo divine,
As cannot be diſſolv'd.

4.

Our mutual Int'reſt firm abides,
And will endure for ay;
Hence, tho' behind the Shade he hides,
He is not far away.

5.

Tho' Heav'n the noble Banquet yields,
Among his Flow'rs above;
Yet here amidſt his Lily-fields
He keeps his Feaſts of Love.

6.

'Mong Saints whoſe Robes are Lily-white,
By waſhing in his Blood,
To grace the Feaſt is his Delight,
His Meat and Drink and Food.

7.

With loving Care his Flock he feeds,
Upon the fatteſt Place,
Among the faireſt Lily-beds,
The Paſtures of his Grace.

By

8.

By *Faith* I wait my proper Share,
When nought but *Senſe* I ſee;
And argue from his paſt'ral Care
His loving Mind to me.

Ver. 17. † *Until the Day break*, * *and the Shadows flee away.*———

1.

Among the Lilies here below
My Lord will feed and ſtay,
Until eternal Day ſhall blow
Time's ſhady Night away:

2.

Still therefore Rays of Joy remain,
Tho' dampt with Clouds of Fear;
Until he cleave the ſtarry Plain,
And on the Clouds appear.

3.

Did Saints of old, when wrapt in Night,
Believing, hope to ſee
Incarnate Love's ſubſtantial Light
Make legal Shadows flee?

4.

'Tis done; and now the brighter Sky
Makes Goſpel-*Grace* the Pawn,
That all remaining Shades ſhall die,
And ſink in *Glory*'s Dawn.

5.

Her fiery Wheels with ſpeedy Flight
Shall o'er the Shades be hurl'd,
And Deluges of dawning Light
O'erſpread the duſky World.

Let

† *Theſe Words are applicable either to the preceding or following.* * *Breathe or blow.*

6.

Let there be Light, once more he'll ſay,
Who firſt did gild the Ball :
Then up ſhall riſe the endleſs Day,
And down the Shadows fall.

7.

Darkneſs, the Charge, *no more to be*,
Shall hear, and ſoon obey,
And Clouds of Sin and Sorrow flee
Before the riſing Day.

8.

The long dark Nights that keep the Field,
And domineer'd with Might,
Shall then reſign their Place, and yield
To everlaſting Light.

9.

Ev'n Ordinances ſweet ſhall paſs,
Which darkly ſhew him here ;
For then he'll break the Looking-glaſs,
And Face to Face appear.

10.

Welcome, the great, the glorious Store ;
Adieu, ſweet, little Pawns :
I'll doubt, and fear, and ſin no more,
When Glory's Morning dawns.

——— *Turn* ‖ *my Beloved, and be thou like a Roe, or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Bether.*†

1.

Kind Lord, till this bright Morn appear
To my eternal Bliſs,
Till duſky Shadows all retire
And work no more Diſtreſs :

Turn

‖ *As in a Circuit.* † *Or of Diviſion.*

2.
Turn, till this glorious Break of Day,
O turn to me thy Face,
While in the ſhady Vale I ſtay,
Deny me not thy Grace.

3.
While circling Woes depreſs my Soul
To various darkſome Urns:
Let circling Mercies round me roll,
By various kind Returns.

4.
O'er Hills of Sin, and Guilt, and Woe,
That place us far apart,
Come marching like the bounding Roe,
Or loving youthful Hart.

5.
O'er Mountains to their Mates they move,
they ſkip, they leap, they flee;
With equal Eaſe, and Speed, and Love
Haſte o'er the Hills to me.

6.
Tho' juſtly thou retire and hide,
Thy Favour ſtands unmov'd:
I'll therefore own I am thy Bride,
And thou art my Belov'd.

7.
Hence ſhall dividing Hills and Rents
Between my Soul and thee,
Be to my Faith but Arguments
To haſte thy March to me.

8.
Let mighty Hills, o'er which to go
Defies my feeble Limbs,
Enhance the Glory of the Roe
That Rocks and Mountains climbs.

Di-

9.

Difficulties ſo huge to me
I never can remove,
Be but Occaſions fair to thee
To ſhew thine active Love.

10.

Let riſing Mountains haſte the View
Of all-ſurmounting Might:
And Ev'ning Shades, the falling Dew
Of Love, till Morning Light.

CHAP. III.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. *By Night on my Bed I ſought him whom my Soul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.*

1.

WHEN Shadows dark and Mountains high,
With ſtern united Might,
Conſpir'd to hide him from mine Eye
Whoſe Abſence is my Night:

2.

Upon my drowſy Bed alone,
Amidſt my Slumbers toſt,
I ſought him, but my ſlothful Moan,
And lazy Labour loſt.

3.

Love acting ſuch a languid Part,
I felt a ſtrange Diſeaſe,

An

An abſent Lord, a careleſs Heart,
And Reſt without Releaſe.

4.

Juſtly the Darling of my Soul,
Still rolling in my Mind,
Did my dull Suit again control;
I ſought, but could not find.

Ver. 2. *I will riſe now, and go about the City; in the Streets, and in the broad Ways I will ſeek him whom my Soul loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not.*

1.

Since my Beloved won't be found
In ſuch a ſleepy Road,
I'll rouſe, I'll riſe, and go around,
The City of my God.

2.

More Life and Vigour than before,
Through Grace, I will diſplay;
And in my Search frequent no more
This lazy, formal Way.

3.

But, ſhaking off my drowſy Chains,
About his Courts I'll move,
With more Activity and Pains,
To ſeek my deareſt Love.

4.

I'll ev'ry ſecret Corner trace,
And ſearch the publick Street,
The Ordinances of his Grace,
'Till I my Saviour meet.

5.

In mere Reſolves I did not ſiſt,
But ſought him here and there;

Yet ah, the God of *Jacob* miſt,
Ev'n in the Houſe of Pray'r.

6.

So much did former Lazineſs
To preſent Loſs redound,
That in the moſt devout Addreſs
He was not to be found.

Ver. 3. *The Watchmen that go about the City found me: To whom I ſaid, Saw ye him whom my Soul loveth?*

1.

Then was I, while I roam'd abroad,
By faithful Watchmen found,
Who in the City of their God
Perform'd their painful Round.

2.

To whom I cry'd, with great Reſpect,
" Ye Pilots of the Blind,
" Can ye my wand'ring Steps direct,
" My deareſt Love to find?

3.

" I hope, ye who with heav'nly Art,
" Still tread the holy Ground,
" Well know the Darling of my Heart,
" And where he may be found.

4.

" When my Belov'd is hid from you,
" What Paths, what Means of Grace,
" What Courſe do you yourſelves purſue,
" To ſee his lovely Face?

5.

" Tell me, ye Watchmen of the Night,
" I pray you, tell me where

" Did

" Did ye eſpy my Soul's Delight?
" That I may ſeek him there.

6.

" * O happy Stars, if ye might be
" My Guides to *Jeſus* now!
" Seers, did ye my Saviour ſee?
" Pray tell me, where, and how?

7.

But, ah, no Lips of Saints or Prieſts
My preſent 'Plaint could ſtay;
All were but dry and empty Breaſts,
While *Jeſus* was away.

8.

My Teachers left me ſtill in doubt,
While he withheld his Grace;
Even when their Doctrine *found me out*,
And touch'd my very Caſe.

9.

Tho' public means no preſent Stop,
Put to my bleeding Wound;
Yet, lo, the healing Dew they drop,
I ſoon in private found.

Ver 4. *It was but a little that I paſſed from them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth:*

1.

When public Ordinances fail'd
In eaſing my Complaints;
When little to my Help avail'd,
Or Miniſters or Saints:

2.

When Means and Duties nought could do,
Tho' uſeful in their Place,

* Maſon's *Paraphraſe.*

As open *Inns*, and precious too,
As ſweet *Canals* of Grace:

3.

Yet, proving as to *Succeſs* weak,
Beyond them all I paſt,
A little further Step to make,
And found my Love at laſt.

4.

When outward Conduit-pipes could vent
No Drop, to help my Need;
The little Step I further went,
Was to the Fountain-head.

5.

For paſſing thro' the brittle Reeds,
And but a little Space:
And looking o'er the Servants Heads,
I ſaw the Maſter's Face.

6.

My Truſt in Means did *from them paſs*,
A higher Rock to climb;
But *through them*, as the Looking-glaſs,
I fixt mine Eyes on him.

7.

How ſoon through Goſpel-teleſcopes
Faith did his Glory ſpy;
Diſmiſſing all inferior Hopes,
My Heart purſu'd mine Eye.

8.

I found my Soul's Beloved Chaſe,
In all his pleaſing Charms;
And joyful flew to his Embrace,
And graſpt him in mine Arms.

——*I held him, and would not let him go.*

His

1.

His Preſence which by Faith and Pray'r
I ſought ſo much to gain,
Now when enjoy'd, with equal Care
I labour to retain.

2.

I wept for Joy to ſee his Face,
And, like a kindly Bride,
Inclos'd him faſt in mine Embrace,
And preſt him to abide.

3.

His Preſence did ſuch Bliſs imply,
His Abſence ſuch a Bane;
I now reſolv'd that he and I
Should never part again.

4.

I ſaw his ſmiling Face, where ſtood
A thouſand lovely Charms,
And melted down into a Flood
Of Pleaſure in his Arms.

5.

And, lighting now on *Jacob*'s Road,
Did equal Fervor ſhow;
I wept and wreſtled with my God,
And would not let him go.

6.

In Heat of Battle for the Bliſs
On pleaſant *Bethel* Plains,
I held him by his Faithfulneſs,
The Girdle of his Reins.

7.

And while I made his Truth my Shield,
His Word of Grace my Stay;
The God of *Jacob* deign'd to yield,
And could not ſay me nay.

Of Freedom great without Offence
Allowing me my Will;
With holy, humble Violence,
I won him to my Will.

———*Until I had brought him into my Mother's Houſe, and into the Chambers of her that conceived me.*

1.

While ſuch a Banquet I enjoy'd,
Such Pow'r with God in Pray'r,
My Court and Moyen I employ'd,
That others too might ſhare.

2.

Remembring, while I ſuckt the Comb,
My ſtarving Friends in Jail;
I brought him to my Mother's Home,
His Largeſſes to deal;

3.

That all my Relatives might taſte
My preſent wond'rous Bliſs,
Who faint with Famine in the Waſte,
And howling Wilderneſs.

4.

With ardent Zeal beſought I him,
To let his Bleſſing fall
On Myſtical *Jeruſalem*,
The Mother of us all.

5.

'Tis writ in *Zion*'s Infant Roll,
This Man and that Man there
Was born again; and there my Soul
Firſt drew the vital Air.

6.

I therefore begg'd, her Offspring free
Might have, with peaceful Days, The

The Pleaſure of his Company
In his approved Ways.

7.

His Preſence to her Houſe I ſought,
Its Ruins to repair:
To ſtrengthen what his Hands had wrought,
And ſhew his Glory there.

8.

I pray'd him to my native Home,
As his belov'd Reſort,
Nor did my Lord refuſe to come,
And grace his ſacred Court.

9.

For there he fill'd oft to the Brim
My Cup of Joy, and there,
His Love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual Tokens ſhare.

10.

I found, to my Experience glad,
That, in the wreſtling Way,
The God of *Jacob* never ſaid
The Seed of *Jacob*, nay.

Ver. 5. *I charge you, O ye Daughters of* Jeruſalem, *by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye ſtir not up nor awake my Love till he pleaſe* †.

1.

My Lord does not his joyful Reſt
In *Zion*'s Boſom take;
Wo to the Sin, th' unwelcome Gueſt,
This ſweet Repoſe ſhall break.

† *See* Chap. ii. 7. *the ſame Words, but here they relate to* Chriſt's *Preſence in the Church, the Mother's Houſe, that* that *be not marr'd.*

2.

Ye Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
That Love to him profeſs,
Take care ye do not loſe the Gem,
The Joy that ye poſſeſs.

3.

While ſome delight in Hinds and Roes,
And from Alarms would ſhield
Their ſoon-diſturbed, ſoft Repoſe,
Upon the open Field.

4.

Shall we awake our deareſt Love,
With vain and earthly Noiſe,
That may provoke him to remove
And daſh our preſent Joys?

5.

If ſome affect the rural Charms
And Pleaſures of the Field,
A dearer Love is in our Arms,
Than ever Earth could yield.

6.

If they their pleaſing Trifles would
All undiſturb'd enjoy;
Shan't we our deareſt Darling hold
And hug without Annoy?

7.

Ye then, that of my Mother's Houſe
The Sons and Daughters are,
Be careful, while he ſtays with us,
Leſt ye the Pleaſure mar.

8.

While he vouchſafes to be our Gueſt,
And grace our public Inn,
Let none of us diſturb his Reſt,
By Heav'n-provoking Sin.

In

9.

In Love he comes and goes, and ſo
May leave his holy Hill:
But wo to us, if off he go
In Wrath againſt his Will.

10.

His Will and Pleaſure is a Law,
To which we muſt ſubmit:
But never tempt him to withdraw,
Until he judge it fit.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 6. *Who is* * *this that cometh out of the Wilderneſs like Pillars of Smoke, perfumed with Myrrhe and Frankincenſe, and all Powders of the Merchant?*

1.

What Bride is this, in bright Array,
With precious Bleſſings ſtor'd,
That gives us ſolemn Charge to pay
Such Homage to her Lord?

2.

Up from the Deſart ſee her move,
And climb the azure Skies;
As from the glowing Altars Stove
The ſmoaky Pillars riſe.

3.

Her Heart inflam'd with holy Fire
In the devouteſt Mode,
Adventures boldly to aſpire
Unto the Throne of God.

* This *here is in the Feminine Gender*, q. d. *Who is ſhe that cometh up*, &c.

4.

As tow'ring Smoke in Air ſerene,
With ſtately riſing Heads,
Majeſtic mounts above the Plain
In lofty Pyramids:

5.

See how her warm'd Affections tow'r
And, with a heav'nly Air,
Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
As worthleſs of her Care.

6.

Perfum'd with Myrrhe and Incenſe ſweet,
She ſmells like flow'ry Spring,
With ſav'ry Graces, Odours meet
To entertain her King.

7.

No precious Powders from afar,
Of which the Merchant boaſts,
Like theſe her grateful Odours are,
Brought from *Immanuel*'s Coaſts.

8.

So wond'rous are the Charms we ſpy,
So rich the 'broider'd Robe;
Her dazzling Splendor blinds our Eye,
And blazes o'er the Globe.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 7. *Behold his Bed* * *which is* Solomon's,

1.

O Friends, what mean you, with Surpriſe,
On mortal me to gaze?
From borrow'd Beauty turn your Eyes
To uncreated Rays. Behold

* *See Chap.* i. 16.

2.
Behold the King magnificent
Who me ſo richly clad,
Whom *Solomon* the † opulent
Did typify and ſhade.

3.
Come, ſee his Equipage prepar'd,
And Enſigns of Renown,
His ſtately *Bed*, his royal *Guard*,
His *Chariot* and his *Crown*.

4.
His *Bed* of State in *Zion* ſtands,
Within the royal Court:
For there the Bleſſing Heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd Reſort.

5.
There ſtill remains, as Prophets vouch,
And holy Scriptures tell,
The Heir of Heav'n's embroider'd Couch
For hugging Heirs of Hell.

6.
This is my Reſt, here will I ſtay,
In ſacred Lines he ſaid:
And, till he can his Word unſay,
He'll never change his Bed.

7.
'Tis here with Pleaſure unexpreſt,
Our mutual Loves combine,
On eaſy Downs of holy Reſt,
And Fellowſhip divine.

8.
The Furniture and Coſt immenſe
About the Bed may clear

† *Rich.*

An infinitely greater Prince
Than *Solomon* is here.

—— *Threeſcore valiant Men are about it, of the valiant Men of* Iſrael. *V.* 8. *They all hold Swords, being expert in War: Every Man hath his Sword upon his Thigh, becauſe of Fear in the Night.*

1.

Behold the royal *Guard*, to fence
His Bed on ev'ry Side,
To ſhew the Splendor of the Prince,
The Safety of the Bride.

2.

A num'rous Hoſt of nobler Knights
Than *Solomon*'s Brigade
Of ſixty valiant *Iſraelites*
Around his Iv'ry Bed.

3.

For, lo, the reſting Place to guard
The Hoſts of God combine,
Thouſands of Angels all prepar'd,
And Attributes divine.

4.

The loweſt Rank that rails the Bed
Are Watchmen of the Night,
Who ſtand as Centries in the Shade,
Until the Morning-Light.

5.

Of theſe the faithful to their Prince
No naked Soldiers are,
But arm'd compleat for bold Defence,
As mighty Sons of War.

6.

By long Experience ſkilful grown
They in the Field command,

And val'rous for the heav'nly Crown
They fight with Sword in Hand.

7.

The Spirit's Sword each ready wears
Close girded by his Side,
The Word of God, to still the Fears
Of Jesus' royal Bride.

8.

When nightly Dreads her Quiet mar,
Their Swords silence the Fright,
And from the holy Spot debar
The Terrors of the Night.

9.

Yea, *Zion*'s King himself acclaims
To be her Shield and Shade;
His Blood, his Word, his Oath, his Names
Defend the royal Bed.

10.

The Centry is Almighty Wings,
For * Subsidy prepar'd:
What sleeping Couch of earthly Kings
Can boast of such a Guard?

11.

Amidst Night-shades that Fear suggest,
Amidst † menacing Harms,
They lie secure whose Bed of Rest
Is strong *Immanuel*'s Arms.

12.

Ye that my bright Array descry,
See, see his guarded Bed;
Where I in Ease and Safety lie,
Beneath his Garment spread.

Ver.

* *Help or Aid.* † *Threatning.*

Ver. 9. *King* Solomon *made himſelf a Chariot of the Wood of* Lebanon. *Ver.* 10. *He made the Pillars thereof of Silver, the Bottom thereof of Gold, the Covering of it of Purple; the Midſt thereof being paved with Love for the Daughters of* Jeruſalem.

1.

Ye that amaz'd at my Aſcent,
Stand gazing to the Sky,
Come ſee the Engine eminent,
By which I mount ſo high.

2.

Lo, here, beſide the reſting Place
And Bed to lay me ſoft,
Are flying Chariot-Wheels of Grace
To bear my Soul aloft.

3.

Our *Solomon*, the Prince of Peace,
The King of *Zion* fam'd,
For his Renown, and my Releaſe,
A ſtately *Chariot* fram'd.

4.

He who for *Pleaſure* made the Bed,
For *Peace* who ſet the Guard,
For ſolemn *Pomp* and Cavalcade
This glorious Engine rear'd.

5.

He, congruous to his old Decree,
For ſhewing forth his Praiſe,
A Cov'nant firm of Promiſe free
Did like a Chariot raiſe.

6.

None fram'd of *Leb'non*'s fineſt Wood
By wiſeſt Engineers,

Could

Could equal this, ſo gay, ſo good,
And firm to endleſs Years.

7.

The *Pillars* thereof, for the Eaſe
And Support of the Weak,
Are precious Silver Promiſes,
That will not bow nor break.

8.

Its *Bottom* is a Ground-work ſure,
Of pure and ſolid Gold,
From bankrupt Begg'ry to ſecure
From falling thro' t' uphold.

9.

Its *Cov'ring* ſafe from Sin to ſhroud,
And ſure from Wrath to hide,
Is Purple Dye, the Scarlet Flood
From *Jeſus'* wounded Side.

10.

For *Salem*'s Race [tho' ſome pur-blind
Its outſide Pomp but move]
The *Midſt* unſeen is pav'd and lin'd
With Velvet Seats of Love.

11.

He who, to ſhew his Kindneſs freſh,
For human Brats abroad,
Came riding in a Carr of Fleſh,
The high, the humble God.

12.

Now for his Bride a Chariot fair
Of Goſpel-Grace provides;
In which he *conqu'ring* ev'ry where,
And ſhe *triumphing* rides.

Ver. 11. *Go forth, O Daughters of* Zion, *and behold King* Solomon *with the Crown wherewith*

with his Mother crowned him in the Day of His Eſpouſals, and in the Day of the Gladneſs of his Heart.

1.

King *Jeſus'* Royalties each one,
O *Zion*'s Daughters, ſee;
The Bed, the Guard, the Coach, the *Crown*
Preſented to your Eye.

2.

Behold my King, you'll ſtrange the leſs
To ſee my bright Array;
'Tis fit I now appear in Dreſs,
His Coronation-day.

3.

Go forth in Heart, from earthly Toys,
From ſelf, that airy Thing,
From ſinful Pleaſures, dying Joys,
And ſee the living King.

4.

To him, who Mother *Zion* bore,
The Crown does appertain:
His Father to his Mother ſwore,
That *Solomon* ſhould reign.

5.

Behold the King with Wonder deep,
Whoſe Glory cannot fade,
Jeſus through *Solomon* the Type,
The Subſtance through the Shade.

6.

Come ſee, believe, admire, adore,
Heav'n glad'ning Homage pay,
To match his Mother's Crown he wore
Upon his Nuptial-day.

7.

The Day wherein he bleſt the Earth,
And won his Bride apart: When

When she him met with holy Mirth,
And he rejoic'd in Heart.

8.

The Saints, who do his Image bear,
Proclaim the high Renown
Of *Zion*'s King, who deigns to wear
Their Praises as his Crown:

9.

They act the fond † maternal Part,
In joint applauding Bands;
The heav'nly Babe form'd in their Heart
Is crown'd with both their Hands.

10.

His wedding and his crowning Day,
Their pompous Joys unite,
To pourtray him, the lovely Way
Where Grace and Grandeur meet.

11.

Once bound unto the Altar's Horns,
A Victim for our Dues,
His Head was crown'd with cruel Thorns
By's Mother-Church, the *Jews*.

12.

But Pleasures now his Pains repay,
And Pomp that suits him well,
His Father's Crown with sov'reign Sway
O'er Heav'n and Earth and Hell.

† *Motherly.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *Behold, thou art fair, My Love, behold thou art fair, thou haſt Doves Eyes within thy Locks: Thy hair is as a Flock of Goats that appear from Mount* Gilead.

1.

MY Love, who ſlighting gaudy Fame,
Doſt meekly human Praiſe eſchew,
From Zeal to magnify my Name,
And give my Royalties their Due:

2.

Thy Name no Detriment ſuſtains
By Travail in commending mine;
For, lo, I now return thy Pains,
By crowning thee with Praiſe divine.

3.

My Truth that can't the falſe decoy
Of flatt'ring Paraſites approve,
Aſſerts, to animate thy Joy,
Thou art my fair and ſpotleſs Love.

4.

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair,
Twice over, fair thou art, I ſay;
My Righteouſneſs and Graces are
Thy double Robe and bright Array.

Tho'

5.

Tho' thou a ſpotted Leopard,
A native Black, thyſelf doſt ſtile;
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
I'll count thee free of Spot or Guile.

6.

When to a Dog, a Mite, a Gnat,
Thou doſt thyſelf abas'd, compare,
And call thyſelf a helliſh Brat,
Ev'n then I ſee, and call thee fair.

7.

Thy trembling Faith will ſcarcely own
My Comelineſs that covers thee;
Behold, behold, twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me, in me.

8.

I ſee the Beauty of the Dove
That decks thy Soul without Diſguiſe;
For there devout Affections move,
Like Turtles coy, yet charming Eyes.

9.

So modeſt, humble, pure and chaſte,
So true and faithful to their Mate;
On me alone they fix and reſt,
And all my baſe Corrivals hate.

10.

Thy charming Eyes, veil'd with thy Locks,
Shew Wiſdom with Sobriety:
And heav'n'ly Beauties fineſt Strokes,
From nauſeous Oſtentation free.

11.

Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
Browſing on *Gilead*'s ſtately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy fair Deportment ſhining bright.

No

No artful Curls, no pamper'd Hair,
The ſorry Pride of mortal Clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly Air
Of thy well-order'd Walk and Way.

Ver. 2. *Thy Teeth are like a Flock of Sheep that are even ſhorn, which came up from the waſhing: Whereof every one bear Twins, and none is barren among them.*

1.

The World, ſtruck with thy Beauty, may
Believe thy Entertainment good,
Did they thy Grinders white ſurvey
That daily champ the heav'nly Food.

2.

Thy Teeth the Bread of Life that call,
And eat ſo eager of my Fleſh,
Are Acts of Faith in number full,
And in their Nature fair and freſh.

3.

Thy Prieſts, the living Bread who break,
As Nurſes for the Babes new-born;
When by an equal Law they act,
As ev'nly Teeth thy Face adorn.

4.

None does his Fellow overgrow,
Diſtorted from his proper Place;
But all, as equal Grinders, ſhow
Due Pains in feeding Babes of Grace.

5.

They hold a comely Parity,
Nor orderleſs thy Peace moleſt,
As proud o'ertoping Teeth would be
Aſſuming Prelates o'er the reſt.

Thine

6.

Thine active Zeal yet mild doth keep
A ſmooth and juſt Equality;
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep,
New paſt the acc'rate Shearer's Eye.

7.

Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece
Waſht newly in the Cryſtal Flood;
Thy Fruits of Holineſs and Peace
Outvy their fertile, num'rous Brood.

8.

There does not in the Flock appear
One barren, † unprolific Womb:
But all by Twins their Product bear,
And lead their Offspring bleating home.

Ver. 3. *Thy Lips are like a Thread of Scarlet, and thy Speech is comely: Thy Temples are like a Piece of a Pomgranate within thy Locks.*

1.

I view'd thy beauteous moving Lips,
Commending me to *Salem*'s Race,
And dropping pureſt Nectar Sips,
In ſav'ry feeding Words of Grace.

2.

Thence ſacred Pray'rs and Praiſe proceed,
Thro' me ſo grateful unto God;
Thy Lips are like a Scarlet Thread
Dy'd with thy Lord's atoning Blood.

3.

Theſe balmy Lips with pleaſing Voice
Sweet ſounding in Devotion's Path,

Salute

† *Unfruitful.*

Salute mine Ears with ſecret Joys,
And ſpread around a fragrant Breath.

4.

Thy Speech, in *Praiſe*, to my Renown;
In *Pray'r*, to ſue the Bliſs from me;
In *ſocial Words*, to make me known;
Shews Grace with comely Gravity.

5.

Hence 'Granate like, thy Temples fair,
Tho' veil'd within thy Locks, appear;
While ruddy Bluſhes deck thy Pray'r,
When none but God can ſee and hear.

6.

From Men thou hid'ſt thy roſy Cheeks,
Which Scarlet Shame for Sin doth fluſh;
Yet, ſpite of Maſks, thy Mien detects
The Beauty of thy holy Bluſh.

Ver. 4. *Thy Neck is like the Tower of* David, *bu'lded for an Armoury, wherson there hang a thouſand Bucklers, all Shields of mighty Men.*

1.

Beſides thy Coral Lips and Cheeks,
Thy lofty, tow'ring, Ivory Neck,
Fram'd like a heav'nly Structure ſpeaks
The Wiſdom of its Architect.

2.

This Neck of precious Faith excels
King *David*'s fair and ſtately Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
Erect upon the Rock of Pow'r.

3.

As *that* was for an Arm'ry built
Of warlike Weapons, ſparkling bright,

Where

Where hung a thouſand Bucklers gilt,
All Shields of Men of War and Might:

4.

So *this* moſt vig'rous Faith of thine
More Strength by building on my Names,
My Words and Attributes divine,
Than many thouſand Shields, acclaims.

5.

Defenſive Arms, in ev'ry Caſe,
Within this Magazine abound;
With Weapons of victorious Grace,
And brazen Bulwarks built around.

6.

Thy Neck of Faith aſſimilates
A Tow'r majeſtic and upright:
It ſtands renown'd for valiant Feats,
For bold Exploits and Acts of Might.

7.

Faith joining her almighty King,
Can, ſpite of Fears, ſecurely dwell;
And in her Head triumphant, ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. *Thy two Breaſts are like two young Roes that are Twins, which feed among the Lilies* †.

1.

Thy Breaſts of Love reſemble Roes
Both young, delightful, Lovely Twins:
In thee ſuch equal Ardor glows,
Both for thy God, and 'gainſt thy Sins.

2.

Thou op'neſt frank a twofold Breaſt,
Two ſacred Teſt'ments, and two Seals;
Which

† *See Chap.* vii. 3.

Which to thy Children yield a Feaſt
Of heav'nly Milk for daily Meals.

3.

Thine equal Breaſts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of ſweet Solace,
In juſt Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

4.

Among my Flocks the Lily-fields,
Where I with Pleaſure feed and feaſt,
Thy wholeſome Converſation yields
Sweet Nutriment with open Breaſt.

Ver. 6. *Until the Day break, and the Shadows flee away, I will get me up to the Mountain of Myrrhe, and to the Hill of Frankincenſe.*

1.

I heard thy former warm Requeſt,
That I might haſte the Shades away,
Or, during Night, abide thy Gueſt,
Until the Dawn of endleſs Day.

2.

In mindful Boſom ſtill I bear
Thy Pray'r, to which, no longer mute,
As then I bent my liſt'ning Ear,
So now I grant thy humble Suit.

3.

In *Zion* Mount my Feet ſhall ſtay,
And conſtant there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the Dawn of Glory's Day,
That Shades of Sin and Sorrow flee.

4.

There will I ſmell the Savour ſweet
Of ev'ry active Grace and Pray'r;

For

For *Zion* is my chosen Seat,
And I'll reside for ever there.

5.

Accepted Off'rings all mature
In this my holy Hill abound,
Perfum'd with Myrrhe and Incense pure,
That spread their pleasing Odours round.

6.

No Spice so much delights the Smell
As daily Incense smoking there:
Still therefore shall my Spirit dwell,
And lodge within the House of Pray'r.

7.

This Mount of Incense, Hill of Myrrhe,
My present Grace shall still adorn:
Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
Until the glorious Nuptia-lmorn;

8.

Till to my royal Courts above
With Sound of Trump I call thee up;
To consummate our endless Love,
And drink full Joy's immortal Cup.

Ver. 7. *Thou art all fair, my Love, there is no Spot in thee.*

1.

My Love, thou seem'st a lothsome Worm:
Yet such my Beauties are on thee,
I spoke but half thy comely Form;
For thou art wholly fair in me.

2.

Whole justify'd, in perfect Dress;
Nor Justice stern, nor fiery Law,
Can in thy Robe of Righteousness
Discern the smallest Spot or Flaw.

Yea

Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry Part,
Thou to Perfection dost incline:
And I thee judge by what thou art,
In thy Desire and my Design.

4.

Fair Love, by Grace compleat in me,
Beyond all mortal beauteous Brides,
No Spot nor Blemish sullies thee,
But what my Purple Vesture hides.

Ver. 8. *Come* † *with me from* Lebanon, *my Spouse with me from* Lebanon: *Look from the Top of* Amana, *from the Top of* Shenir *and* Hermon, *from the Lions Dens, from the Mountains of Leopards.*

1.

Fair Consort, did I thee betroth?
Spouse, did I get thy Heart and Hand?
I urge thee by thy Marriage-oath
Now to regard my kind Command.

2.

Come, come with me from *Lebanon*,
This Mount of Pride and Vanity:
Faith's Object, Things unseen, unknown,
More suit thy heav'nly Pedigree.

3.

Come from this World's bewitching Heights,
And let thy new-born Soul forget
The pompous Fopp'ries, gay Delights,
And Idols of thy native State.

4.

Are mortal Pleasures worth thy Stay,
Or flying Shadows, dying Toys,

† *The Words here may be read by Way of Promise:* Thou shalt come with me.

When I invite the Heart away
To ſhare immortal ſolid Joys?

5.

By Faith look from *Amana*'s Top,
From lofty *Shenir*, *Hermon fair*;
Thence over *Jordan* look with Hope
To *Zion*, where my Glories are.

6.

Let me alone poſſeſs thy Heart,
Leave ev'ry dang'rous Lion's Den,
From theſe wild Leopard-Hills depart,
The Place of furious Beaſts and Men.

7.

All worldly Joys are overweigh'd,
With Mountains of vexatious Care,
And under gaudy Pleaſures, hide
Some ghaſtly and deſtructive Snare.

8.

Let blinded Moles in earthen Hills
Their mould'ring Portion fond purſue,
And lick the Duſt that never fills;
Bid thou the Mole-hill Earth, Adieu.

9.

I'll thee to higher Bliſs exalt,
To joy for ever with thy Lord:
Come, come thou muſt, and come thou ſhalt,
My Promiſe be thy drawing Cord.

Ver. 9. *Thou haſt* † *raviſhed my Heart, my Siſter, my Spouſe; Thou haſt raviſhed my Heart with one of thine Eyes, with one Chain of thy Neck.*

† *Or taken away my Heart.*

1.

Thy Fellowſhip's my fond Deſire,
Thus ſu'd by Promiſes and Calls;
Becauſe my vanquiſh'd Heart on Fire,
A Captive to thy Beauty falls.

2.

I cannot ſee with Pleaſure, Love,
Thy Feet on diſtant Mountains roam;
Nor can I reſt, until, above,
My Heav'nly Palace be thy Home.

3.

I do, my Spouſe, and Siſter dear,
Own unaſham'd, my Brotherhood;
We're doubly ſib, our Kindred near
Is, both by Marriage, and by Blood.

4.

Sith then my Father's alſo thine,
In's Love thou haſt a filial Part;
And ſuch an ample Share in mine,
I'm hardly Maſter of my Heart.

5.

To thee I bear a Love intenſe,
And high, ev'n to the laſt Decree:
Tho', in Effect, by Violence
Haſt rapt my Heart away from me.

6.

Of all created Beauties brave,
E'er faſhion'd by my divine Hand,
None like thy comely Graces have
O'er my Affections ſuch Command.

7.

One Glance of thy believing Eye,
One golden Chain of thy fair Neck,
Part of thy Form has raviſh'd me:
How muſt the Whole my Heart affect?

Thy

8.

Thy pow'rful Faith and Love detains
My Heart, entrapt, and yet enlarg'd,
With ſtrong Delights and pleaſing Chains,
I'm overcome, I'm overcharg'd.

Ver. 10. *How fair is thy Love, my Siſter, my Spouſe? how much better is thy Love than Wine! and the Smell of thy Ointments, than all Spices.*

1.

Dear Relative, thou in whoſe Veins
My Blood and Spirit runs always,
Bound to my Heart by various Chains,
I muſt proceed to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

2.

How fair! how grateful unto me
Are all thy precious Fruits of Love!
Thy Love beyond Compare I ſee,
And with enamour'd Heart approve.

3.

My Divine Love was in thine Eye,
Prefer'd to Wine of choiceſt Sort:
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll now the Praiſe of thine report.

4.

Thy Love excels the richeſt Wine
That chears the Heart of Man apace;
For, lo, this fervent Grace of thine
Can ev'n the Heart of God ſolace.

5.

No Wine of Off'rings once pour'd out,
Did ever ſuch Acceptance win,
As does thy ſhining Life without,
That flows from burning Love within,

6.

All Graces ſweet thy Love attend,
Which in my Blood Acceptance find;
And forth their fragrant Odours ſend,
Like Ointment of the pureſt Kind.

7.

The holy Unction pour'd on thee,
Yields to my Heart a ſav'ry Feaſt;
And ſmells more * redolent to me,
Than all the Spices of the Eaſt.

8.

As Streams unto their Spring re-flow,
To me is thy perfum'd Recourſe;
I call thee fair, who made thee ſo;
My Love's of thine the living Source.

9.

Thy Love's my Due, becauſe of old
Wi' th' Sons of Men were my Delights;
I joy'd in Loves I ſhould behold,
And now am raviſh'd with the Sights.

10.

Heart-piercing Love of ancient Riſe
In me thou didſt ſo much engroſs;
The Wounds of Love made me deſpiſe
The Wounds and Torments of the Croſs.

Ver. 11. *Thy Lips, O my Spouſe, drop as the Honey-comb: Honey and Milk are under thy Tongue, and the Smell of thy Garments is like the Smell of* Lebanon.

1.

O Spouſe, thy Love with Loveline ſs
Is intermixt in Word and Walk;
My Tongue takes Pleaſure to expreſs
How I approve thy heav'nly Talk. Drop

* *Sweet or ſavoury.*

2.

Drops from thy Lips diſtill'd, with Eaſe,
To fainting Souls more Sweetneſs yield,
Than Honey-combs which buſy Bees
Have gather'd from the flow'ry Field.

3.

Both *Canaan*'s Bleſſings glide below
Thy pleaſant and inſtructive Tongue:
For thence do milk and Honey flow,
To feed and to refreſh thy Young.

4.

Thy Heart ſtill with thy Tongue agrees,
To fill the ſweetly-flowing Tide,
And ſhew thou art, without Diſguiſe,
My truly fair and fertile Bride.

5.

Such is thy wonted holy Strain,
That ſweet refreſhing Pleaſures load
Thy Language in Diſcourſe with Men,
And in Devotion towards God.

6.

Cloth'd with my Righteouſneſs, thy Smell
Is like a Field that God has bleſt:
But join'd with this, to deck thee well,
A Robe of ſav'ry Grace thou haſt.

7.

And hence abroad thy Savour flies
In Works devout, and Practice fair,
Which *Lebanon*'s Perfume outvies,
That ſcents the * circumambient Air.

8.

As there, ſweet-ſmelling Trees and Flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gentle Gales, abound;

* *Surrounding.*

Thy Goſpel-Walk delightful pours
To God and Man, ſweet Odours round.

Ver. 12. *A Garden incloſed is my Siſter, my Spouſe: A Spring ſhut up, a Fountain ſealed.*

1.

My Bride's a Garden of Solace,
Where pleaſant Fruits and Flow'rs abound;
A ſacred Spot, inclos'd by Grace,
Securely fenc'd and wall'd around.

2.

From common Earth ſequeſtrate quite,
Reſerv'd for my peculiar Uſe;
And by my providential Might,
Preſerv'd from Vi'lence and Abuſe.

3.

A Spring, diffuſing chryſtal Streams,
Does high amidſt the Garden ſwell;
Shut up from ſultry hurtful Beams
And ſtraggling Feet would taint the Well.

4.

A Fountain ſeal'd for *Secrecy*,
T'enhance the Worth of Bliſs unſeen:
For Shelter and *Security*,
To keep the Waters pure and clean.

5.

My privy-Seal was ſtampt thereon,
That thence the Bleſſing Heav'n commands,
Abroad in wholeſome Rills may run,
And flowing Streams o'er diſtant Lands.

6.

As me the Father ſeal'd, to ſpread
For hungry Souls immortal Food;
So *Zion*'s Springs are ſeal'd, to ſhed
On thirſty Ground a chearing Flood,

Ver.

Ver. 13. *Thy Plants are an Orchard of Pomegranates, with pleasant Fruits, Camphire with Spikenard.* Ver. 14. *Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinamon, with all Trees of Frankincense, Myrrh, and Aloes, with all the chief Spices.*

1.

Sweet Fruits all flourishing around
My water'd Garden all beseems;
Which cannot prove a barren Ground,
Amidst such fructifying Streams.

2.

Thy Plants of Grace do parallel
An Orchard *rich* with loaded Trees;
Sweet, to delight the Taste and Smell;
Fair, to salute th'enamour'd Eyes.

3.

Here Granates young, and Camphire grow;
Here Trees of Spice and Incense bloom,
'Nard, Cinamon, Myrrhe, Aloes blow
With fanning Gales, a rich Perfume.

4.

Here num'rous Plants with fragrant Scent,
And sweetest Odours spreading round,
All in their *Nature* excellent,
And various in their *Kind*, abound.

5.

Thy blooming Plants of Grace display
A fruitful Soil, a wholesome Air;
And heav'nly Sap which I convey,
Makes all the Planting fresh and fair.

6.

Wild Nature's Soil could ne'er produce
Such Trees as here immortal stand,

For ſpecial Pleaſure, ſpecial Uſe,
All planted by my Father's Hand.

Ver. 15. *A Fountain of Gardens, a Well of living Waters, and Streams from* Lebanon.

1.

Thy pleaſant Garden's blooming Plants
All others far in Worth excel;
For Heav'n, to thine indulgent grants
The Waters of Salvation's Well.

2.

This Fountain open, full and nigh,
Makes Plants their vital Vigour yield;
Yea, neighb'ring Gardens does ſupply,
And water each adjacent Field.

3.

Thy Graces frank their Juice convey,
In Manner not as ſhallow Pails;
But living Springs, that Night and Day
Flow to refreſh the lowly Vales.

4.

Such is thy lib'ral flowing Mind,
Nor are with (churliſh Penury)
Thy Bleſſings to thy Banks confin'd,
But free and common as the Sea.

5.

My quick'ning Spirit, freely ſhed,
That *Zion*'s Banks may overflow,
The River is, whoſe Streams do glad,
And make the young Plantation grow.

6.

The Well of Water running o'er
Here ſtays, the Current to maintain;
And ſprings up to eternal Glore,
As Rivers haſten to the Main.

Not

7.

Not *Jordan* ſwell'd from *Lebanon*
So ſtately rolls the noble Tide;
As Chryſtal Rivers from the Throne
In State, thro' *Zion*'s Valleys glide.

8.

Thy Rills of Grace, Self-glory ſhun,
Return and own their Spring's in me;
As Garden-ſtreams from thence muſt run,
And pay their Tribute to the Sea.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. *Awake, O North-wind, and come, thou South, blow upon my Garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out: Let my Beloved come into his Garden, and eat his pleaſant Fruits.*

1.

In ample Praiſe, my King I hear
Make worthleſs me his royal Theme;
But with a ſtunn'd, aſtoniſh'd Ear,
I ſink into the Duſt for Shame.

2.

What humbling Wonders he performs!
On Inſects vile his Picture draws;
Then makes the deſpicable Worms
The Subject of his high Applauſe.

3.

Lord, if I be the Garden fair,
On thee, the Praiſe muſt wholly land:
For all the verdant Graces there
Are Plants of thy almighty Hand.

4.

The ſpicy Fruits thou doſt approve,
And deign'ſt ſo largely to commend,

Are Bloſſoms of thy fruitful Love,
And on thy Breathings all depend,

5.

They quickly languiſh, fade and die;
They ceaſe to bud, they ceaſe to flow;
And ſapleſs, ſcentleſs, fruitleſs lie,
Unleſs thy quick'ning Spirit blow.

6.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Excite the Spices of the Vale;
Blow on this Garden of Perfume
A rouſing Breath, a quick'ning Gale.

7.

On *Zion*'s Sons, O Sp'rit divine,
Pour Gifts and Graces large abroad;
Her Paſtors, by Perfumes of thine,
Be made a Savour ſweet to God.

8.

Sharp Gales from chilling North, command,
To rouſe the dormant Seeds of Grace:
Then warming South's ſoft Wings expand,
To make the Spices flow apace.

9.

From ev'ry Point, O mighty Winds,
Come, blow a freſh new Pentecoſt:
That blinded, atheiſtic Minds
May know there is a Holy Ghoſt.

10.

O let my beſt beloved come,
And ſpread the Garden-area broad
With choiceſt Fruits of rich Perfume,
Moſt ſweet and grateful to my God.

11.

My Garden's his in (all its Views)
The Life, the Sap, the Branch, the Root;

The

The Product whole to him accrues,
Who plants and waters all the Fruit.

12.

Come, else the Banquet cannot stand;
Come, bring with thee thy pleasing Treat,
The Fruits of thy laborious Hand,
And Garden-toil with bloody Sweat.

Or, shorter, thus:

1.

Am I the Garden Heaven can own,
Where living Waters flow,
As Chrystal Rivers from the Throne,
To make the Planting grow?

2.

O heav'nly Wind, awake and come,
Blow all the gracious Gales
On this my Garden of Perfume,
Else all its Savour fails.

3.

O Divine Spirit, from above
My with'ring Heart inspire,
And raise, by various Forms of Love,
As various Wants require.

4.

Let Northern Breezes fill my Sails
With sharp convincing Grace:
Then, from the South, refreshing Gales
Resume their joyful Place.

5.

Make all the Spices flow abroad,
All Graces active here
To entertain my Lord and God,
Faith, Love, and Joy appear.

Let

6.

Let my Belov'd, his Preſence ſweet
Now to his Garden grant,
To taſte his pleaſant Fruits, and eat
What he himſelf did plant.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *I am come in to my Garden, my Siſter, my Spouſe; I have gathered my Myrrh with my Spice, I have eaten my Honey-comb with my Honey, I have drunk my Wine with my Milk: Eat, O Friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O Beloved.*

1.

MY Love, in Anſwer to thy Prayer,
I'm here at thy Requeſt;
And ready both to give and ſhare
The Pleaſure of the Feaſt.

2.

I'm come, my Spouſe and Siſter dear,
I'm to my Garden come,
To gather up my Spice and Myrrh,
I'm pleas'd with this Perfume.

3.

My Graces reliſh like a Feaſt
Of Honey, Milk and Wine;
I make myſelf a welcome Gueſt,
The Fruits are mine and thine.

Eat

4.

Eat, drink, O Friends, whom I approve,
I alſo welcome you;
Yea, drink Abundance of my Love,
Full Freedom I allow.

5.

Your fainting Spirits here refreſh
With Plenty ſpread abroad;
The Grace and Love, the Blood and Fleſh
Of your incarnate God.

6.

Not elect Angels ever ſhare
Such ſtrange and matchleſs Food;
They feaſt on their Creator's Care,
Not your Redeemer's Blood.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *I ſleep, but my Heart waketh: It is the Voice of my Beloved that knocketh, ſaying, Open to me, my Siſter, my Love, my Dove, my undefiled: For my Head is wet with Dew, and my Locks with the Drops of the Night.*

1.

The Heart of *Jeſus*, kind I ſee,
But mine, ungrateful, fails;
Two Natures are at Odds in me,
And oft the worſt prevails.

2.

Both *ſleeping Fleſh* I have, that reſts
In Sloth unto my Shame;
And *waking Grace* that ſtill proteſts
Againſt the lazy Frame.

Hence

3.

Hence tho' I ſleep, I at my Heart
Some inward Knocking hear;
'Tis *Jeſus*, Voice, his loving Dart
Thus wounds my waking Ear.

4.

" Come, open, my unſpotted Dove,
" Thy Heart I bolted find;
" Awake my Siſter; riſe, my Love,
" Let in thy deareſt Friend.

5.

" Wrath's midnight Show'r bedew'd my Locks,
" Storms on my Head did blow:
" Wilt thou unkindly ſlight my Knocks
" Who ſuffer'd for thee ſo?

6.

" And now ſtand waiting patiently
" To give the purchaſt Good,
" At preſent ready to apply
" The Bleſſings of my Blood?

Ver. 3. *I have put off my Coat, how ſhall I put it on? I have waſhed my Feet, how ſhall I defile them.*

1.

When thus in moſt endearing Terms
Kind *Jeſus* knock'd and cry'd,
My Heart reſiſting heav'nly Charms,
On Bed of Sloth reply'd;

2.

" My Cloaths are off, my Nap is ſweet,
" How ſhall I riſe undreſt?
" How ſhall I ſtain my new-waſht Feet?
" Excuſe me, let me reſt.

My

3.

My Non-admiſſion of his Grace
His holy Spirit vext;
My Anſwer for my Lazineſs
Was but a vile pretext.

Ver. 4. *My Beloved put in his Hand by the Hole of the Door, and my Bowels were moved † for him.*

1.

When I ſo ſhamefully refus'd
Acceſs to my Belov'd,
Another kindly Way he us'd,
Which my Affections mov'd.

2.

Tho' I his *Word* did baſely ſlight,
Yet, ere I was aware,
His *Spirit* by reſiſtleſs Might
Did kindly draw the Bar.

3.

He, to unbolt the Door, put in
His gracious Hand of Pow'r:
Then did his Love upbraid my Sin,
And melt my Bowels ſore.

Ver. 5. *I roſe to open to my Beloved, and my Hands dropped with Myrrh, and my Fingers with ſweet-ſmelling Myrrh, upon the Handles of the Lock.*

1.

How long he ſtood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient, who can tell?
What Drops of Grace on th' Entry lock'd
From his ſweet Fingers fell?

At

† *Or in me.*

2.
A length I roſe from off my Bed,
My drouſy Bed of Sloth,
To open to my Spouſe, who had
My ſolemn Marriage-Oath.

3.
Soon by the wet Lock-handles were
My Fingers moiſt'ned much,
And ſweetly dropt with Oil of Myrrh
Left by his melting Touch.

4.
His quick'ning Sp'rit Heart-fetters broke,
And heal'd my dull Diſeaſe;
As dropping Oil that makes the Lock
Soon yield and ope with Eaſe.

Ver. 6. *I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn himſelf, and was gone: My Heart failed when he ſpake. I ſought him but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no Anſwer.*

1.
I open'd ſtraight to my Belov'd,
Expecting his Embrace;
But ah, from thence he had remov'd,
And juſtly hid his Face.

2.
Mine aking Heart did now collect
His Words that gave the Wound,
And, wailing ſore my baſe Neglect,
Away my Spirit ſwoon'd.

3.
With great Perplexity I ſought,
But him I could not find;
I call'd, but, ah, no Anſwer got,
To eaſe my reſtleſs Mind.

So

4.
So much my forme, Slothfulneſs
To preſent Damage turn'd;
In Grief I doubled mine Addreſs,
Yet ſtill his Abſence mourn'd.

Ver. 7. *The Watchmen that went about the City found me, they ſmote me, they wounded me; the Keepers of the Wall took away my Veil from me.*

1.
When I, in private Means, with Care
Had ſought, but ſought in vain;
I try'd his public Courts, but there,
Redoubled was my Pain.

2.
Kind Paſtors formerly condol'd
My Caſe with Sympathy;
But now I met with ſuch as rul'd
With Force and Cruelty †.

3.
Untender Watchmen, on their Rounds
In open Streets, me got,
Afflicted me with many Wounds,
And without Mercy ſmote.

4.
They hurt my Name, my Head, my Crown,
And ſore reproach'd my Zeal;
Wall-keepers rude, thus beat me down,
And tore away my Veil.

5.
My fair Profeſſion they defam'd,
Nor did my Failings hide;

A

† *Ezek.* xxxiv. 4.

A ſtrolling Harlot I was nam'd,
And not a loving Bride.

Ver. 8. *I charge you, O Daughters of* Jeruſalem, *if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am ſick of Love.*

1.

O *Salem*'s Race, when Watchmen wound,
Won't ye more Favour ſhew?
What Pity can't with them be found,
May I expect with you.

2.

I want my Soul's beloved One,
None elſe can give me Eaſe:
I'm ſick of Love; O is there none
To tell him my Diſeaſe?

3.

His Abſence from my Soul is Death;
O, if ye find his Grace,
I charge you with my dying Breath,
To repreſent my Caſe.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 9. *What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, O thou faireſt among Women? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, that thou doſt ſo charge us?*

1.

Fair Lover, thou who doſt to us
Thy moaning Speech direct,
Whoſe ſhining beauteous Carriage thus
Commands our high Reſpect;

2.

The Object does thy Love engage,
We judge by viewing thee

Muſt

Muſt ſurely be ſome Perſonage
Of very high Degree.

3.

What's thy Belov'd? pray let us know,
For whom thou art ſo ſad,
And giv'ſt ſuch ſolemn Charge, as tho'
He not an equal had.

4.

Thou faireſt Beauty, can't thou ſee
His Match when he removes?
Pray what alluring Charms has he
Beyond all other Loves?

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *My Beloved is white and ruddy, the* * *Chiefeſt among ten thouſands.*

1.

If why I love my *Jeſus* ſo,
The wond'ring World enquire,
My Grounds are ſuch as, did they know,
Their Hearts would alſo fire.

2.

O there is no Belov'd like mine!
He's white and ruddy both;
All human Beauties, all divine
His glorious Perſon clothe.

3.

White in his Natures both deſcry'd,
From ev'ry Blemiſh free;
And ruddy in his Garments dy'd
With Blood he ſhed for me.

4.

† Was he not red but only white,
The Lily, not the Roſe,

* *Or Standard Bearer.* † Maſon's *Paraphraſe.*

He might ſuffice the Angels Sight;
But I am none of thoſe.

5.

Was he not White but only Red,
A Suff'rer for his Sin,
His Blood would reſt upon his Head,
Nor could I Joy therein.

6.

But here's my Joy and Confidence
Both mixt I ſee by Faith,
The Whiteneſs of his Innocence,
The Redneſs of his Death.

7.

Since for my Sin he bore Diſgrace,
Who yet from Sin was free;
That makes his white and ruddy Face
A Beauty meet for me.

8.

The Chief of Chiefs beyond compare,
Immanuel, God-Man,
Among ten thouſand Enſigns fair,
Triumphant leads the Van.

9.

To him the Heav'ns their Homage bring,
To him celeſtial Throngs,
Then thouſand Saints and Angels ſing,
With Rapture on their Tongues.

10.

Created Wiſdom cannot ſcan
The Root of *Jeſſe*'s Rod,
Nor ſpeak the Greatneſs of the Man,
The Grandeur of the God.

Ver. 11. *His Head is as the moſt refined Gold, his Locks are buſhy and black as a Raven.*

His

1.

His Head which once was crown'd with Thorns,
And where all Wiſdom dwells,
A Crown of Glory bright adorns,
Which fineſt Gole excels.

2.

So firm, ſo bright, ſo eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extenſive Government,
And univerſal Sway.

3.

Black as a Rav'n's his curled Hair
And buſhy Locks; a Mark,
That ſtill his Age is freſh and fair,
His Counſels deep and dark.

4.

Beauties of youth and Age agree
To deck his awful Sway;
Fair Youth without Inconſtancy,
Full Age without Decay.

Ver. 12. *His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves by the Rivers of Waters, waſhed with Milk, and* ‡ *fitly ſet.*

1.

His Dove-like Eyes moſt bright appear
Like theſe the Brooks have wet,
Or milky Streams have moiſtned clear,
Like Diamonds fitly ſet.

2.

His ſparkling Eyes with piercing Sight
O'erſee the Shades of Death;
Inſpecting Secrets of the Night,
And ſearching Hell beneath. He

‡ *Fitly placed, and ſet as a precious Stone in the Foil of a Ring.*

3.

He with his fix'd and ſteady Eyes
Beholding diſtant Parts,
Both Deeps of divine Counſel ſpies,
And Deeps of human Hearts.

4.

Behold both Loftineſs and Love
In his omniſcient Eye;
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove,
With Meekneſs, Majeſty.

Ver. 13. *His Cheeks are as a Bed of Spices, as* * *ſweet Flowers, his Lips like Lilies, dropping ſweet-ſmelling Myrrh.*

1.

His roſy Cheeks a Bed of Flow'rs
Still tow'ring up Perfume;
Or Spices that with Summer-Show'rs
Their ſweeteſt Scent reſume.

2.

Theſe very Cheeks he once reſign'd
To them that pluckt the Hair,
Moſt ſweetly to th' enlightn'd Mind
Refreſhing Virtue ſhare.

3.

His Lips, reſembling Lily-blooms,
Drop ſav'ry Words of Grace,
Like Oil of Myrrh with fine Perfumes,
To ſuit a fainting Caſe.

4.

The balmy Drops his Lips afford,
Give Life to Sons of Death:
The vital Savour of his Word
Reſtores expiring Breath.

Ver.

* *Towers of Perfume.*

Ver. 14. *His Hands are as Gold Rings set with the Beryl: His* † *Belly is as bright Ivory overlaid with Sapphires.*

1.

His Hands are fairer to behold,
Tho' once nail'd to the Tree,
Than Beryls set in Rings of Gold;
So rich in Bounty's he.

2.

His Operations mighty, vast,
No Mortal understands;
For all the Works of God have past
Thro' these his precious Hands.

3.

No Iv'ry fine so bright is found,
With Sapphires overlaid;
As Bowels of Compassion round
Do gild his pierced Side.

4.

The Love about his Heart that twines
Still firm, without Decay,
In Instances unnumber'd shines
With sparkling bright Array.

Ver. 15. *His Legs are as Pillars of Marble, set upon Sockets of fine Gold. His Countenance is as* Lebanon, *excellent as the Cedars.*

1.

His Legs like Marble Pillars stand
On golden Sockets fine;
So firm's the Throne of his Command,
So ev'n his Paths divine.

His

† *Or Bowels, the same Word as in Ver.* 4.

2.

His ſtately Steps, his ſteady Way,
His ſtable Kingdom proves
He's ſolid Gold, not mould'ring Clay
Like fading mortal Loves.

3.

His Countenance more loſty is
Than *Lebanon* by far,
More excellent than all its Trees
More excellent than all its Trees

4.

So high, ſo eminent is he,
That in his Perſon ſhine,
The Glories of the Deity,
With Majeſty Divine.

Ver. 16. *His Mouth it moſt ſweet: Yea,* † *he is altogether lovely.*——

1.

Lo, his bleſt Mouth, that once did taſte
The bitter Gall for me.
With Charms divinely ſweet is grac'd,
Unto the laſt Degree.

2.

Grace pour'd into his Lips alway
Does hence ſo ſweetly run;
They ſhare the Father's Grace for ay
Who do but kiſs his Son.

3.

His Mouth a triple Heav'n imports,
A Word, a Smile, a Kiſs;
And triple Doom to daſh their Sports
Whoſe Lips profane the Bliſs.

How

† *He is all Deſires.*

4.

How hard, tho' ſweet, this limning Taſk!
I faint, I muſt ſuccumb;
He is (if what he is, you aſk)
All over Loves, in Sum.

5.

How weak my Tongue his Glory ſings,
Which drowns ſeraphic Art;
He is all deſirable Things,
And charms in ev'ry Part.

6.

Adoring Heav'ns his Name confeſs
The Infinite unknown,
And in created human Dreſs
The uncreated ONE.

7.

Their Tongues that do his Glory ſpeak,
In loud and lofty Lays,
For higher Notes are ſtill to ſeek,
And never reach his Praiſe.

8.

I wrong his Name with Words ſo faint,
Nor half his Worth declare:
Can finite Pencils ever paint
The infinitely Fair?

——*This is my Beloved, this is my Friend, O Daughters of* Jeruſalem.

1.

My Union to his Perſon dear,
Bears ſuch ſubſtantial Bliſs;
All mortal Loves and Friendſhips here,
Are but the Shade of this.

2.

Whatever ſweet Relations be
'Mong Creatures great or ſmall,
There's infinite Diſparity
Between him and them all.

3.

Yet how much in himſelf he is,
So much he is to me:
For he is mine, and I am his,
And evermore ſhall be.

4.

The more I hold his Glory forth,
Or would his Name unfold;
The more incomparable Worth
I ſtill in him behold.

5.

Now this, O *Salem's* Progeny,
This is my Love, my Friend;
Search Heav'n and Earth, but ſure am I,
His Match you'll never find.

6.

Your Queſtion far exceeds my Reach,
What's thy Belov'd? ſaid ye:
His Praiſe defeats my fault'ring Speech;
But (pray you) *Come and ſee.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 1. *Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou faireſt among Women? whither is thy Beloved gone aſide? that we may ſeek him with thee.*

1.

SUCH glorious Things are told by thee
About thy matchleſs Mate:
His Seekers too we fain would be,
And ſhare thy happy State.

2.

Thy holy Walk and Talk is ſuch,
Thy Countenance ſo fair,
We think whom thou commend'ſt ſo much,
Muſt be beyond Compare.

3.

O where is thy Beloved gone;
Thou faireſt of thy Kind,
So happy in that glorious One
On whom thou ſet'ſt thy Mind.

4.

Where is he gone? Pray let us know
What Place frequents he moſt?
That we in Queſt of him may go,
Nor find our Travel loſt.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *My Beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to gather Lilies.*

1.

Lo, my Belov'd, tho' he enthron'd
In Glory keeps his Place,
Yet here below is to be found
In Gardens of his Grace.

2.

He plants, he waters ev'ry Tree,
His Bleſſing makes them ſpring;
Then gladly comes he down to ſee
What rich Increaſe they bring.

3.

He walks among the ſpicy Beds,
Where Aromatics flow?
And in his young Plantation feeds,
Where Fruits delicious grow.

4.

He gathers there his choſen Crop
Of Lilies, without Toil;
And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
To deck his fairer Soil.

5.

Th' Aſſemblies of his growing Saints
Are ſtill his chief repair:
Whoe'er his gracious Preſence wants,
May ſeek with Succeſs there.

Ver. 3. * *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine. He feedeth among the Lilies.*

Tho'

* *See Chap.* ii. 16. *this more largely explained.*

1.

Tho' now my Lord from me abſcond,
Yet judge him not unkind:
In's Temple oft I have him found,
And hope again to find.

2.

And tho' from me to *Senſe* he hides,
My *Faith* holds faſt his Name:
Mine Int'reſt in him firm abides,
I will not quit my Claim,

3.

He has my warmeſt Love ingroſt,
And I poſſeſs his Heart;
His Love and mine unite, I boaſt
Nor Death nor Hell can part.

4.

The Bond of Love ſo firm abides,
Ev'n in the darkeſt Day,
That tho' behind the Shade he hides,
He's never far away.

5.

Tho' he his nobleſt Table ſpreads
Among his Flow'rs above;
Yet here amidſt his Lily-Beds
He keeps his Feaſts of Love.

6.

The Ordinances of his Grace,
Are Fields of his Repair;
There I have ſeen his glorious Face,
And you may ſee him there.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 4. *Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as* Tirzah, *comely as* Jeruſalem, *terrible as an Army with Banners.*

1.

How comely is the Bride I ſee,
Who thus mine Abſence wail'd,
And kindly thought and ſpoke of me,
Ev'n when my Face was veil'd.

2.

Thy Zeal for me when I withdrew
I highly muſt approve;
And now return to thee, to ſhew
My great Reſpect and Love.

3.

I did forgive, and have forgot
All thine Infirmities:
Thy holy Soul, from Sin remote,
Is beauteous in mine Eyes.

4.

More fair thou art, my lovely Prey,
More comely in my Sight,
Than ever *Tirzah* once ſo gay,
Or *Salem* once ſo bright.

5.

Thine Aſpect's awful Majeſty
Does ſtrike thy Foes with Fear;
As Armies do, when Banners fly,
And martial Flags appear.

6.

How does thine Armour glitt'ring bright
Their frighted Spirits quell?
The Weapons of thy warlike Might
Defy the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. *Turn away thine Eyes from me, for they have overcome me* *:——

Small

* *See more on this Subject, Chap.* iii. 4. *and* iv. 9.

1.

Small Wonder that thy Foes muſt bow
When Faith does keep the Field;
For, lo, I am thy Captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.

2.

Thy charming Eyes of Faith and Love,
That make myſelf their Prize,
Have overcome me; pray remove
And turn away thine Eyes.

3.

They pow'rfully my Heart detain,
My kindly Paſſions fill;
Yet no unwilling Vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy Will.

4.

Thy daring, gallant Arms of Grace,
Have o'er me ſuch a Sway;
I'm conquer'd with their kind Embrace,
And cannot ſay thee nay.

5.

Thy piercing Eyes, that raviſh me,
Command me as they liſt:
My Spirit's aiding Force in thee,
Is Pow'r I can't reſiſt.

6.

Ceaſe, wreſtling *Jacob*, *let me go*,
My Love, *let me alone*:
If not, except I bleſs thee; Lo!
My Bleſſing thou haſt won.

——— † *Thy Hair is as a Flock of Goats that*

† *See theſe Words more largely explained*, Chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.

appear from Gilead. Ver. 6. *Thy Teeth are as a Flock of Sheep, which go up from the Waſhing, whereof every one beareth Twins, and there is not one barren among them.* Ver. 7. *As a Piece of a Pomegranate are thy Temples within thy Locks.*

1.

Thy ſlothful Carriage toward me
At our laſt Interview,
Tho' I obſerv'd with Jealouſy,
And thereupon withdrew;

2.

Yet never judge thy Change of Frame
My Heart from me could move;
For ſtill (like ſolid Rocks) the ſame
Is my unſhaken Love.

3.

Thy Praiſe I ſounded in thine Ears
Ere thou waſt ſo unkind;
And now indulge no faithleſs Fears,
As if I chang'd my Mind.

4.

For, to evince the Love I bore
Does ſtill the ſame remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former Strain.

5.

Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
On *Gilead*'s ſtately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy Converſation bright.

6.

No broider'd ornamental Hair,
That trims up mortal Clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly Air
Of thy well-order'd Way.

Thy

7.

Thy Teeth the Bread of Life that eat,
And feed upon my Fleſh,
Are Acts of Faith in Number great,
In Nature fair and freſh.

8.

Thine active Zeal, yet mild, does keep
A juſt Equality,
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep
New paſt the Shearer's Eye.

9.

Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece
Waſht in the Cryſtal Flood;
Thy Fruits of Holineſs and Peace
Outvy their num'rous Brood.

10.

There does not in the Flock appear
One barren, fruitleſs Womb:
But all by Twins their Offsprings bear,
And bring them bleating home.

11.

Like 'Granates halv'd thy Temples fair
Within thy Locks appear,
While ruddy Bluſhes deck thy Pray'r
When none but God doth hear.

12.

Thou modeſt hid'ſt thy roſy Cheeks,
When Sins with Shame 'em fluſh:
Yet thro' the Maſk, the Mien detects
Thy beauteous holy Bluſh.

Ver. 8. *There are threeſcore Queens and Fourſcore Concubines, and Virgins without Number.*
Ver. 9. *My Dove, my Undefiled is but one;*

ſhe is the only One of her Mother, ſhe is the choice One of her that bare her: The Daughters ſaw her, and bleſſed her; yea the Queens and the Concubines, and they praiſed her.

1.

Thy Song gave me the chiefeſt Name
Among Ten thouſand Heirs,
And thee the faireſt I proclaim
Among Ten thouſand Fairs.

2.

Queens, Concubines and Virgins are
Unnumber'd, whom they call
Bright dazzling Beauties, charming fair;
But thou excell'ſt them all.

3.

Moſt holy Souls (of high Deſcent)
Are Beauties moſt renown'd:
The righteous is more excellent
Than all his Neighbours round.

4.

My ſpotleſs Dove as one I view,
Yea, all in one to me;
Her Mother-Church's Darling too,
And choiceſt Progeny.

5.

The Daughters, her profeſſing Friends,
Beheld her Beauty great;
And ſtraight admir'd her in their Minds,
And bleſt her in the Gate.

6.

Yea, Queens and Damſels more renown'd
Did all to her give Place,
And with extolling Praiſes crown'd
Her comely ſhining Grace.

Ver.

Ver. 10. *Who is she that looketh forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with Banners?*

1.

" Who's this (said they) so brightly springs
" Like to the Morning Ray,
" That cleaves Night-shades with Silver Wings,
" To haste the Golden Day?

2.

" Much fairer than the gilded Moon
" Her Graces shine in Dress,
" And clearer than the Sun at Noon,
" Her spotless Righteousness.

3.

" Behold in Love to Brats forlorn,
" What Wonders Heav'n performs!
" That does with Statelines adorn
" Defil'd and lothsome Worms.

4.

" By Armour which her Captain lends,
" Until her Warfare close,
" She's render'd helpful to her Friends,
" And hurtful to her Foes.

5.

" Yea, while she does her Rank maintain,
" And cast her Airs abroad,
" Her Grace is awful toward Men,
" And pow'rful toward God.

Ver. 11. *I went down into the Garden of Nuts, to see the Fruits of the Valley, and to see whether the Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates budded.*

With

1.
With friendly Mind I hid my Face,
Yet went not far away,
Retiring but a little Space,
My Orchard to survey.

2.
I went but down to see anew
My Garden of sweet Nuts,
Within the shady Grove, and view
The pleasant Valley-fruits:

3.
To notice round my labour'd Plain,
If all was very good;
If tender Vines produc'd their Grain,
And Pomegranates their Bud:

4.
If all the water'd flow'ry Plains
Along the verdant Field,
Did Fruits, proportion'd to my Pains,
Ev'n in my Absence yield.

5.
Into my Heart what Chearfulness
And Pleasure did it bring,
To see the early Buds of Grace
And Blossoms of the Spring?

6.
I ravish'd saw my beauteous Bride,
Lament my Absence sore;
Nor could myself in Thickets hide,
From her, a Moment more.

Ver. 12. *Or ever I was aware, my Soul * made me like the Chariots of* Ammi-nadib.

Such

* *Or set me on the Chariots of my princely willing People.*

1.

Such had my Bride's inviting Frame
Ev'n in my Abſence been;
No longer could I hide the Flame
Of my Affections keen.

2.

Raviſh'd, ere (in Effect) I knew,
My Bowels did me move;
Into her praying Arms I flew
On ſpeedy Wings of Love.

3.

Sweet rapt'rous Paſſion roſe in me,
But in a matchleſs Mode,
As far as Rapture can agree,
Or Paſſion to a God.

4.

My fond Affections vehement
In Ways of Grace divine,
All towards her intenſely bent,
Purſu'd their Love-deſign.

5.

My *willing People* I provide
Bright Graces, *princely* Charms:
And in theſe fiery Chariots ride
With Speed into their Arms.

6.

Oil'd Wheels of Faith and warm Deſire,
That make myſelf their Chace,
Fetch from mine Altar ſtill more Fire
Of ſweet ſurpriſing Grace.

7.

No Chariot of *Ammi-nadib*,
However ſwift or bright,
The heav'nly Rapture can deſcribe
Of Love's delicious Flight.

So

8.

So rapid oft, tho' never raſh,
The Motions of my Grace,
'Tween Heav'n and Earth, are like a Flaſh
Of Lightning in a Trice.

Ver. 13. *Return, return, O* Shulamite, *return, return, that we may look upon thee: What will ye ſee in the* Shulamite? *as it were the Company of two Armies.*

1.

Love, in my Abſence ſhort, waſt thou
With Sin and Grief oppreſt?
O blame thy faithleſs Heart, and now
Return unto thy Reſt.

2.

With Confidence and without Fear
Thy heav'nly Husband face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his Throne of Grace.

3.

The Heav'ns unite their Voice with mine
Thy Heart-return to move:
Allow thyſelf no more to whine,
Suſpicious of my Love.

4.

Return, O drooping *Shulamite*,
In Haſte return; for we
Heav'n's TRINITY and Hoſts unite
With Joy to welcome thee.

5.

We want to ſee thee, at his Call
Whoſe *Peace* thy Name adorns;
He with his Saints and Angels all
Will joy at thy *Returns*.

What

6.

What in the feeble *Shulamite*,
What's to be ſeen? (you'll ſay)
Is ſtruggling Grace a goodly Sight,
When Sin regains the Day?

7.

Nay, lo my Bride (tho' apt ſhe be
Herſelf to under-rate)
I, on the Field of Battle, ſee
In warlike Pomp and State.

8.

Behold, two Armies in her Camp,
The doubled Hoſts of God;
Her Lovers charm, her Haters damp,
Her happy Triumph bode.

CHAP. VII.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *How beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes, O Prince's Daughter! The Joints of thy Thighs are like Jewels, the Work of the Hand of a cunning Workman.*

1.

FAIR Bride, I'll further yet extol
Thy Charms ſo lovely in my Sight;
For I my new Creation whole
Still view with raviſhing Delight.

How

2.

How noble is thy high Deſcent,
Not ſordid like the Sons of Earth?
How does thy Geſture document
Thy heav'nly and ſuperior Birth?

3.

O Princeſs of the Royal Race!
How bright thy Feet with golden Shoes
Do ſparkle, while thy Walk, thro' Grace,
Becomes the glorious Goſpel-news?

4.

The Steps of thy Affections clean,
And outward Converſation fair,
Diſplay a heav'nly royal Mien,
A ſtately and majeſtic Air.

5.

The Joints that Strength and Motion do
To thy well-order'd Steps impart,
Like orient Jewels burniſh'd new,
Speak holy Skill and curious Art.

6.

Thy ſtately Port in ſacred Things
Makes ev'ry Joint a Gem appear;
While holy Principles and Springs
Thine ev'nly Courſe of Duty ſteer.

Ver. 2. *Thy Navel is like a round Goblet, which wanteth not Liquor: Thy Belly is like an Heap of Wheat, ſet about with Lilies.*

1.

As is thy ſparkling bright Array
Conform unto thy Pedigree;
So with thy ſhining outward Way
Thine inward Form and Frame agree.

2.

A wretched Infant once thou waſt,
Into the open Field caſt out,
From native Blood and Stains unwaſht,
Nor was thy Navel dreſt or cut.

3.

But now, how neat's thy gracious Form
Well nouriſh'd by a glorious Spring?
Since Grace took up the lothſome Worm,
And made thee quite another Thing.

4.

Thy Infant-Brood to Ripeneſs grows,
Which natively thy Bowels feed,
Like to a Bowl that overflows
With Liquor ſuited to their Need.

5.

My Spirit is, (to fill thy Cup,
And honour thee with rich Increaſe,)
A Well of Water ſpringing up
Within thee to immortal Bliſs.

6.

Thy fruitful Womb an Heap of Wheat
† Aſſimilates in pleaſant Mode;
Thy royal Marriage makes thee meet
For bearing precious Fruit to God.

7.

Fruit deckt around with Flow'rs-de-luce,
With Graces of an active Vent;
A Product rich of Fruit for Uſe,
With beauteous Flow'rs for Ornament.

8.

Fair *Zion*'s fertile Womb has meat
For Babes of Grace, her Lily-brood;
And yields them plenteous Store of Wheat,
When ripe in Years, for ſolid Food.

† *Reſembles.* Ver.

Ver. 3. *Thy two Breaſts are like two young Roes that are Twins* †.

1.

Thy Breaſts of Love reſemble Roes
That ſeem both young delightful Twins;
Such equal Care, thou *Zion* ſhows,
To feed thy Babes in ſacred Inns.

2.

Thou op'neſt frank a two-fold Breaſt,
Two holy Teſt'ments and two Seals,
Which to thy Children yield a Feaſt
Of heav'nly Milk for daily Meals.

3.

Thine equal Breaſts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of ſweet Solace,
In juſt Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

4.

My Children dear nurs'd at thy Side,
Thy warm and kindly Bowels ſhow;
And plainly prove my beauteous Bride
To be a fruitful Mother too.

Ver. 4. ‡ *Thy Neck is as a Tower of Ivory, thine Eyes like the Fiſh-pools of* Heſhbon *by the Gate of* Bath rabbim. *Thy Noſe is as the Tower of* Lebanon, *which looketh toward* Damaſcus.

1.

The Neck of precious Faith excels
The brighteſt, faireſt Iv'ry Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
On high, upon the Rock of Pow'r.

Rais'd

† *See Chap.* iv. 5. ‡ *See Chap.* iv. 4.

2.

Rais'd and conſpicuous, it attracts
All open Eyes, and Wonder breeds:
It ſtands renown'd for valiant Acts,
For ſtrange Exploits, and mighty Deeds.

3.

No Iv'ry whiter than the Swan
Could ever match thy precious Faith:
No Tow'r with equal Boldneſs can
Defy the Gates of Hell and Death.

4.

Thine Eyes like to the clear Fiſh-pools
Of *Heſhbon* by *Bath-rabbim*'s Gate,
Enlightned brightly, twit the Fools,
That hug blind Nature's duſky State.

5.

More clear than any Silver Brook,
Thy lucid Eyes of Knowledge trace
Hid Myſt'ries in the ſacred Book,
The Height, Depth, Length and Breadth of [Grace.

6.

But all conceal'd this Glory lies
From Men of Prudence, Sons of Pride,
Whoſe boaſted Wit does blind their Eyes,
And Wiſdom's Light with Scorn deride.

7.

The Noſe of quick Sagacity
Like *Leb'non*'s Tow'r does ſtately riſe,
And with bold Look *Damaſcus* ſpy,
To face thy daring Enemies.

8.

Becauſe they ſtrong and ſubtle are,
Thou wiſely keep'ſt the Frontier-tow'r;
To ſmell their deep Deſigns afar,
And watch their Policy and Pow'r.

Ver.

Ver. 5. *Thine Head upon thee is like* ‡ Carmel, *and the Hair of thine Head like Purple*;——

1.

Thy heav'nly Mind intelligent
Excels the wiſeſt Heads on Earth;
While Aliens from thy high Deſcent,
And Strangers to thy heav'nly Birth.

2.

Thy lofty Head and ſtately Brow
Looks o'er the Hills from Heaven above,
And ſcornful ſmiles on all below,
As baſe and worthleſs of thy Love.

3.

Thy Helmet and thy Head piece is
Hope built upon atoning Blood:
High is thy Head extoll'd by this
'Bove ev'ry Foe, 'bove ev'ry Flood.

4.

Higher by far than *Carmel* Top,
The very Walls of Heaven to ſcale;
When thine advent'rous, ſoaring Hope
Its Entrance makes within the Veil.

5.

Th' Excellency of *Carmel* high
Can't match thy beauteous Crimſon Head;
Its Hairs are of the purple Dye
Which once thy loving Lord did bleed.

6.

Each Pin that holds thy Hair in Dreſs,
Each Glance without, each Grace within,
Speaks univerſal Statelineſs;
Not one diſorder'd Hair or Pin.

Each

‡ *Or Crimſon.*

7.
Each holy Air around thy Face
So much its Beauty does enhance,
A Luſtre ſhines in ev'ry Grace,
A pleaſing Charm in ev'ry Glance.

———*The King is* * *held in the Galleries.*

1.
To prove the Beauty raviſhing
And Luſtre of thy holy Dreſs;
How does it captivate the King,
And deep his Royal Heart impreſs!

2.
Jeſus, the King of Kings renown'd,
Is ſtraitly held within thine Arms,
In Gall'ries of his Grace, and bound
A willing Captive to thy Charms.

3.
The glorious and majeſtic One,
Whom Death nor Hell could e'er detain,
Is by thy pow'rful Graces won
And ty'd as with a mighty Chain.

4.
Strange Lovelineſs it is that ſways
The ſov'reign Regent of the Skies!
Conſtraining him to ſtay and gaze;
The Charms do ſo attract his Eyes.

5.
Bold with the King are Faith's Efforts;
How happy they the Conqueſt ſhare!
Who win him to his ſacred Courts,
And then have Pow'r to hold him there.

6.
Such is the Glory of his Grace,
He boaſts of being overcome; And

* *Or bound.*

And feaſts the Victor with Solace,
Who wreſtling fought but for a Crumb.

Ver. 6. † *How fair and how pleaſant art thou, O Love, for Delights!*

1.

O Love, no Words can ſpecify
Thy various Form of Lovelineſs;
Delights of diverſe Kinds in thee
I value more than I expreſs.

2.

No equal for Delights haſt thou,
No Match for Beauty here below:
I call thee fair and pleaſant too,
Becauſe in Love I made thee ſo.

3.

My Love, thy outward Dreſs how fair!
Thy inner Frame how ſweet to me!
My Righteouſneſs and Graces are
The Royal Robes I made for thee.

4.

All my laborious Life throughout
Was ſpent the Marriage-ſuit to ſpin,
That makes my Bride all fair without,
And hence all glorious too within.

Ver. 7. *This thy Stature is like to a Palm-tree, and thy Breaſts to Cluſters of Grapes.*

1.

The ſweet Proportion I obſerve
Of Graces freſh and fair in thee;
None from their proper Station ſwerve,
But act in lovely Harmony.

Thy

† *Or how art thou made fair.*

2.
Thy Stature, like the Palm-tree firm,
Is ſtately, ſtraight, robuſt and tall:
No Burden can the Flouriſh harm,
No Age the laſting Growth enthral.

3.
Thy Breaſts of Love to me and mine,
Square to the glorious Goſpel-plan,
Are like the Cluſters full of Wine,
That chears the Heart of God and Man.

Ver. 8. *I ſaid, I will go up to the Palm-tree, I will take hold of the Boughs thereof: Now alſo thy Breaſts ſhall be as Cluſters of the Vine, and the Smell of thy Noſe like Apples*;

1.
" I will, ſaid I, this Palm-tree climb,
" This lovely Way and Walk approve,
" And to my Bride in holy Trim
" I'll manifeſt my ſpecial Love ‡.

2.
" I'll apprehend, by ſaving Grace,
" As kindly I decreed of old,
" Her little Boughs, her tender Race,
" And never quit the pleaſing Hold.

3.
Lo, Heav'n ſhall then thy Breaſts inſpire,
As tumid Cluſters fill'd with Wine:
My Preſence ſhall thy Graces fire
Unto thy Heart's Content and mine.

4.
The Breath of Life thy Noſtrils blow,
Shall with a fragrant Scent abound;
No ſav'ry Apples e'er could throw
Such ſweet and grateful Odours round. Ver.

‡ *John* xiv. 24.

Ver. 9. *And the Roof of thy Mouth like the best Wine, (for † my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the Lips of ‡ those that are asleep to speak.*

1.

Thy Pallet drench'd with holy Love
Shall taste and drop the richest Wine:
So sweet thy Pray'rs and Praise shall prove
A chearing Feast to me and mine.

2.

I'll taste thy Chear, and speak it good,
Because thou wilt in upright Ways
Derive it from my Plenitude,
And then devote it to my Praise.

3.

Drops from the living Vine that stream
With pleasing Sweetness down will go;
To make thy cold Affections flame,
Thy wither'd Graces live and grow.

4.

My Spirit's gen'rous Wine will make
The Old in Years renew their Days,
The Dead to live, the Dull to wake,
The Dumb to speak, and sing thy Praise.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *I am my Beloved's, and his Desire is towards me.*

1.

Lo, how my loving Lord commends
Unworthy me, who blush to hear,
And Blood of Grapes from *Eshcol* sends
My drooping Heart amain to chear. I'm

† *A Parenthesis of the Bride's, say some.*
‡ *Or the ancient.*

2.

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be,
Whoſe Love has ſet my Heart on Fire,
And thus has fix'd on worthleſs me
His ſtrongeſt conjugal Deſire.

3.

What Line can this Love-ocean ſound?
What Tongue its vaſt Dimenſions tell?
Whoſe Height immenſe, and Depth profound,
Could purchaſe Heav'n, and vanquiſh Hell.

Ver. 11. *Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field, let us lodge in the Villages.*

1.

Come, deareſt Love, let us retire
From this vain cumb'ring Earth's Annoy:
That undiſturb'd Communion near
We ſweetly may alone enjoy.

2.

We'll chooſe ſome ſecret, lonely Place,
To vent our holy Joys the more;
And forage in the Field of Grace,
Until we feaſt above in Glore.

3.

Thy Company ſuch hidden Trains
Of Joy and Conſolation brings:
That, pois'd with this, my Soul diſdains
The airy Pomp of earthly Kings.

4.

In rural Villages below
Our Lodging let us take all Night,
Till duſky Shades of Sin and Woe
Be chas'd away by Glory's Light.

Ver. 12. *Let us go up early to the Vineyards, let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth; there will I give thee my Loves.*

1.

Unto the Vineyard of thy Grace
Come, let us early quickly go;
To ſee in this retiring Place
If all the heav'nly Planting grow.

2.

Come viſit, Lord, thy ſacred Ground,
See how thy royal Nurs'ries bear;
If Vines and Grapes and 'Granates round
The Fields, their flow'ry Raiment wear.

3.

O come along, thy Succour grant,
While I thy gracious Fruits review;
For at thy Preſence ev'ry Plant
Will ſoon its beauteous Buds renew.

4.

The Vines their Bloſſom will reſume,
The tender Grapes anon revive;
See how the 'Granates then will bloom,
And all the Graces ſpring and thrive.

5.

In theſe Retirements while I live,
Thy Preſence I'll (thro' Grace) improve;
And joyful there I will thee give
The Tokens of my warmeſt Love.

6.

In Nearneſs ſweet with thee apart
I'll daſh all Idol-loves with Ire,
And wholly offer up my Heart
To thee in Flames of holy Fire.

Ver.

Ver. 13. *The Mandrakes give a Smell, and at our Gates are all manner of pleasant Fruits new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.*

1.

Here, Lord, for thee the Garden's dreſt,
For thee the choice Proviſion ſpread:
Come then, vouchſafe with me to reſt,
And lodge beneath the verdant Shade.

2.

The Mandrakes here, Love-fruits and Flow'rs,
Do ſpread their grateful Odours round;
And at our very Gates, ſweet Stores
And various Fruits of Grace abound.

3.

Embracing Faith is here, to meet
My Lord whenever he appears;
Repentance here, to waſh his Feet
With trickling Floods of joyful Tears.

4.

Love, Joy, and all the heav'nly Train,
Old Fruits array'd with new Increaſe,
Laid up in Store to entertain
My Lord, the God of all my Grace.

5.

Come thou, to whom I all devote,
O *Jeſus*, my beloved Lord;
Lo, all that's from thy Fulneſs got,
Is for thy Praiſe and Glory ſtor'd.

6.

'Tis thine to plant, and prune and dreſs;
Thy Bleſſing makes the Garden grow:
In thee my All I ſtill poſſeſs,
To thee my All I therefore owe.

CHAP. VIII.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. *O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the Breaſts of my Mother! When I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee, yea,* * *I ſhould not be deſpiſed.*

1.

SO ſweet I find thy gracious Charms,
Still more and more I bode;
And long to claſp within mine Arms
A whole incarnate God.

2.

O would thou as my Brother wert,
My Mother's ſucking Child!
I'd kiſs and hug thee in my Heart,
And ſhould not be revil'd.

3.

Yea, in the op'neſt, patent Place,
Without a Bluſh thro' Shame,
I would with joyful Arms embrace
The Babe of *Bethlehem.*

4.

Hell could reproach thy Church of old,
That lov'd a Child unborn:
But now *the Son is giv'n*, I'm bold
To love, and fear no Scorn.

To

* Heb. *They ſhould not deſpiſe me.*

5.
To him I'll give the higheſt Room
And joy beneath his Shade,
That deign'd to bleſs the Virgin's Womb,
And human Nature wed.

6.
My God's my Brother now in Dreſs;
And if he would allow't,
Tho' Hell ſhould mock my fond Careſs,
I'd openly avow't.

Ver. 2. *I would lead thee, and bring thee into my Mother's Houſe, who would inſtruct me: I would cauſe thee to drink of ſpiced Wine, of the Juice of my Pomegranate.*

1.
I would attend and uſher thee
Into my Mother's Home;
Then would her Courts inſtructive be,
For Light with Pow'r would come.

2.
Her Children would thy Glory ſee,
Did they thy Preſence ſhare:
And I for entertaining thee
Would bring my choiceſt Fare.

3.
To ſpiced Wine with 'Granates Juice
I would thee welcome make;
And greatly would my Heart rejoice,
Wer't better for thy Sake.

4.
Well were the Feaſt beſtow'd on thee;
For thine my Graces are,
Who, when thou com'ſt to feed with me,
Doſt bring along the Fare.

Ver 3. *His left Hand* † *ſhould be under my Head, and his right Hand ſhould embrace me* ‡.

1.

Lo, he deſcending from above,
In Anſwer to my Pray'r,
Enfolds me in his Arms of Love,
To ſhew his tender Care.

2.

His left Hand for my *Support* he
Beneath my Head does place;
Then for my *Comfort* lends he me
His right Hand's ſoft Embrace.

3.

His Preſence brings a Silver Show'r
Of Bleſſings from above;
I'm cloſely *guarded* with his Pow'r,
And *girded* with his Love.

4.

For my *Solace* 'gainſt Sin and Death,
I feel his divine Charms;
And, for my *Safety* underneath,
His everlaſting Arms.

5.

O welcome bleſt and happy Hour
When he unveils his Face;
I'm then ſupported by his Pow'r,
Comforted by his Grace.

Ver. 4. *I charge you, O Daughters of* Jeruſalem, * *that ye ſtir not up, nor awake my Love, until he pleaſe.*

O *Sa-*

† *Or rather* is. *See Chap.* ii. 6.

‡ *See theſe Words more largely ſpoken to, Chap.* ii. 7. *and* iii. 5. * Why ſhould ye ſtir up, *or* why awake, *&c.*

1.

O *Salem*'s Daughters, now, I pray
And charge you, ſtand in Awe
T' awake my Love, or any Way
Provoke him to withdraw.

2.

This heav'nly Quiet marr not ye
With loud offenſive Noiſe;
Why ſhould ye rob yourſelves and me
Of ſuch uncommon Joys?

3.

His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
The happy Hour is this:
Why ſhould ye prove ſuch wretched Foes,
To interrupt the Bliſs?

4.

My glorious Lord now reſts within
Mine Arms of Faith and Love;
I charge myſelf, my Heart, my Sin,
Not once to ſtir or move.

5.

While he allows his Viſit ſweet,
Let none his Reſt annoy;
O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
Nor ſin away my Joy.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 5. *(Who is this that cometh up from the Wilderneſs, leaning upon her Beloved.)*

1.

What fair and lovely Bride is this!
Tho' preſt with Griefs and Sins,
Yet trav'ling from the Wilderneſs,
On her Beloved leans.

2.

How boldly does ſhe in his Name
And in his Strength go on,
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
And mention his alone!

3.

His Wings bear up her Soul aloft,
'Bove all that can moleſt:
His Boſom is the Pillow ſoft
On which her Head doth reſt.

4.

Lo, how on his almighty Arms
She can her Cares unload;
And march thro' all oppoſing Harms,
Depending on her God.

5.

Her fir'd Affections upward tow'r,
And, with a heav'nly Air,
Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
As far below her Care.

6.

Aſcending from the Wilderneſs
Of Sorrow, Sin and Thrall,
And ſtrongly bent for heav'nly Bliſs,
She leaves the duſky Ball.

———*I raiſed* ‖ *thee up under the Apple-Tree: there thy Mother brought thee forth, there ſhe brought thee forth that bare thee.*

1.

To Men's Applauſe with mighty Maze
What ſmall Regard is due? But,

‖ Then *in the* Heb. *has the Mark of the Maſculine Gender.*

But, Lord, with thee, who art my Praiſe,
Let me my Suit purſue.

2.

Such ſweet Experience, Lord, I had,
Beneath the Apple-tree;
Under thy Shadow ſtill I'm glad,
Alone, to meet with thee.

3.

I rais'd thee up in ſecret Pray'r,
Thy joyful Help to yield:
For by thy Grace I wreſtled there,
And by thy Grace prevail'd.

4.

Thy Mother too that brought thee forth,
Hard trav'ling with Annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's Birth
Forgot her Pangs for Joy.

5.

The Saints beneath thy fruitful Shade
Thy beauteous Likeneſs wore;
They that in Sorrow travail'd had,
In Joy thine Image bore.

6.

Thy Shadow thus to them and me
Such Pleaſure does afford,
That more and more I long to ſee
Thy Glory there, O Lord.

Ver. 6. *Set me as a Seal upon thine Heart, as a Seal upon thine Arm:*———

1.

Grant, Lord, my Name engrav'd may be
Upon thy Heart and Breaſt;
And ſo inſure thy Love to me,
My glorious God and Prieſt.

2.

O let me ſtedfaſt as a Seal
Upon thine Arm divine,
And by confirming Marks reveal
Thy mighty Love is mine.

3.

Grant alſo, Lord, my Love to thee
May firmly be impreſt:
And let thy Name my Signet be
Deep ſtampt upon my Breaſt.

4.

O may my Heart the Center prove
Of thy Affections keen;
Thy Heart the Center of my Love,
And nought to intervene.

———*For Love is ſtrong as Death, Jealouſy is cruel as the Grave:*———

1.

Strong Wings of holy Love aloft
Bear up my Soul afreſh,
Which in ſweet Raptures dying ſoft
Forgets the Clog of Fleſh.

2.

While thus my Heart does mounting fly
On this Seraphic Wing,
In Love to thee I kindly dye
To ev'ry mortal Thing.

3.

As thy ſtrong Love, O Lord, to me
Could conquer Death and Dread;
So does my ardent Love to thee
The Pow'r of Death exceed.

It

4.

It kills me, Lord ; I can't reſiſt
This ſtrong Deſire of mine:
If not with Satisfaction bleſt,
To Death, to Death I pine.

5.

Admit me, Lord, into thy Heart,
Leſt my Heart jealous be
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

6.

Such Jealouſy would ſore torment
And torture me to Death ;
Like the devouring Grave, intent
To ſtop my vital Breath.

——*The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire, which hath a moſt vehement Flame.*

1.

Theſe jealous Flames will quite conſume
My Soul, like burning Fire;
Unleſs thy loving Anſwer come
To ſuit my Heart's Deſire.

2.

My flaming Heart does melt afreſh,
If thou depart i' th' leaſt ;
Mine ardent Zeal eats up my Fleſh,
Love-ſickneſs pains my Breaſt.

3.

The Sparks of fervid Love aſcend
Like mounting Flames on high;
With veh'ment Force they heav'n-ward bend,
And pierce the azure Sky.

4.

O Let thy Bowels, Lord, be mov'd
To grant my Heart's Deſire:
I'd rather die than not be lov'd,
My Heart is all on Fire.

Ver. 7. *Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it: If a Man would give all the Subſtance of his Houſe for Love, it would utterly be contemned.*

1.

No Waves could quench thy Love which ſat
As King upon the Flood
Of rolling Vengeance vaſtly great,
And on a Sea of Blood.

2.

Thus nor can many Waters drown
My flaming Love to thee,
Nor Torrents of Turmoil bear down
The Zeal that burns in me.

3.

In vain by Flatt'ries or by Fears
Do Hell and Earth combine,
To quench the Fire of Love that bears
A Stamp ſo much divine.

4.

Deſertion black, nor Devil, nor Man,
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
Nor Life, nor Death, nor Angels can
Divorce my Love from thee.

5.

Were Wealth to bribe my Love, I could
The golden Bait diſdain,
Like deſpicable Dung that would
Invade my Heart in vain.

I caſt

4.
I caſt Contempt on Suitors all
That dare compete with thee,
And value Thrones no more than Thrall,
Should they thy Rivals be.

Ver. 8. *We have a little Siſter, and ſhe hath no Breaſts: What ſhall we do for our Siſter, in the Day when ſhe ſhall be ſpoken for?*

1.
Since now, dear Lord, our mutual Love
Is thus ſo deep impreſt;
May I this Acceſs ſweet improve,
That others may be bleſt.

2.
Our little Siſter, Lord, to wit,
A barren *Gentile* Race,
With all uncall'd, unſav'd as yet,
Tho' choſen by thy Grace:

3.
She little Knowledge hath, we ſee,
No faſhion'd Breaſts of Love;
No Principle of Grace from thee,
Nor Nurture from above.

4.
No Breaſts of Conſolation ſweet,
No Word, no Means of Grace;
No warm Milk of Inſtruction meet,
To feed her ſtarving Race.

5.
What ſhall be done for her, I pray,
And for her Progeny,
When they ſhall on the Marriage-Day
Be call'd to match with thee?

What

6.

What for our Sister-Church to come,
Which *Jews* or *Greeks* do hatch:
To bring her to thy Marriage-room,
And carry on the Match?

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 9. *If she be a Wall, we will build upon her a Palace of Silver; and if she be a Door we will inclose her with Boards of Cedar.*

1.

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do,
With this our Sister dear,
When by the Gospel-Call I woo,
And speak into her Ear.

2.

If once the good Work were begun,
As by my Grace it shall;
And she by Faith on me alone
Built like a Brazen Wall:

3.

We'll make the Wall a Work compleat,
A Silver Palace fair †,
A Temple for my holy Sp'rit
To dwell for ever there.

4.

If once I make her Heart a Door
Wide ope to take me in;
We'll, as with Cedar-boards, secure
And strengthen her within.

5.

We Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Will frame, advance and crown
The

† *Psalm* cxliv. 12.

The happy Building at our Coſt,
Which Hell ſhall ne'er pull down.

6.

Ev'n outcaſt *Gentiles* baſe, at length
The wond'ring World ſhall ſee
In numerous Iſſue, Beauty, Strength
And Grandeur, rival thee.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *I am a Wall, and my Breaſts like Towers: Then was I in his Eyes as one that found Favour.*

1.

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
Thy Promiſe made to me,
For Elect Siſter-Churches dear?
I roll their Care on thee.

2.

My ſweet Experience clears thou wilt
Thus kindly deal with them;
For I'm a Wall moſt firmly built
And rear'd upon thy Name.

3.

Thou mak'ſt my Breaſts of Graces grow
Like Iv'ry Tow'rs ſo high;
I truſt what love to me doſt ſhow,
To them thou won't deny.

4.

When Grace my Unbelief deſtroy'd,
And on my Rock me fix'd,
Thy Favour then my Soul enjoy'd,
With ſweet Love-tokens mix'd.

5.

Then did my Life's Deportment shew
Thine Image on my Heart;
And thou thyself with Pleasure view
The Grace thou did'st impart.

6.

I'm joyful when to Mind I do
These happy Days recall:
By Grace was I built up, and so
My little Sister shall.

Ver. 11. Solomon *had a Vineyard at* Baal hamon, *he let out the Vineyard unto Keepers: Every one for the Fruit thereof was to bring a thousand Pieces of Silver.*

1.

Another Object of my Care,
Beside our Sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy Vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

2.

Our *Solomon*, the Prince of Peace,
A Vineyard did possess,
And to a Multitude did lease
And let it out to dress.

3.

A *Baal-hamon*, where he plants
Upon a fruitful Soil,
And Servants with Commission grants
To keep it from Turmoil.

4.

He takes the Care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain;
He wakes and keeps it Night and Day,
Else Watchmen watch in vain.

From

5.
From ev'ry Servant there employ'd
He ſtill requires the Rent
Of Praiſe, for what they have enjoy'd
And work to his Content.

6.
Each one, for Fruit that he aſſigns,
Proportion'd Tribute brings,
And renders for a thouſand Vines
A thouſand Silverlings *.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver, 12. *My Vineyard, which is mine, is before me:*

1.
My Vineyard, Love, the Object is
Of my peculiar Care;
My Heart and Eye is fix'd on this
More cloſe than any where.

2.
'Tis mine by ſpecial Right and Grant,
By Blood and Conqueſt too;
The State and Caſe of ev'ry Plant
Is always in my View.

3.
My Vineyard in my Boſom ſet
Has therein ſuch a Room,
A Woman ſooner can forget
The Infant of her Womb.

4.
Tho' Nature ſhould her Frame deſert,
And Mothers, Monſters prove;

Yet

* *Iſa.* vii. 23.

Yet *Zion* dwells upon the Heart
Of everlaſting Love.

The CHURCH's Words.

———*Thou, O* Solomon, *muſt have a Thouſand; and thoſe that keep the Fruit thereof Two Hundred.*

1.

True, Lord, the Vineyard is thine own,
The Charge is chiefly thine;
Yet under thee, thou haſt made known,
The Charge is alſo mine ‡.

2.

This Vineyard of mine own, alas!
Of late I did neglect;
But now I will the Truſt (thro' Grace)
More carefully inſpect.

3.

My Graces, Talents, Time, and all
That I receive from thee,
To husband for thy Service, ſhall
Be always in mine Eye.

4.

The Fruits of Gratitude I'll bring,
Which unto thee I owe:
The Vineyard's Revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know.

5.

To thee a thouſand Fold pertains;
And when thou gett'ſt thy Due;

To

‡ *The Preceding Part of this Verſe, tho' already explained and apply'd to Chriſt, yet being reckoned by ſome to be the Church's Words, are here alſo reſumed as hers.*

To Under-keepers, for their Pains,
Two hundred ſhall accrue.

6.

Tho' none that labour in thy Name
Shall of thy Praiſe partake;
Yet what Reſpect is due to them
I'll render for thy Sake.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 13. *Thou that dwelleſt in the Gardens, the Companions hearken to thy Voice:* † *Cauſe me to hear it.*

1.

O thou, my Bride, that lov'ſt to haunt
The Gardens of my Grace,
And ſolemn Inns where every Saint
Delights to ſee my Face;

2.

I'm pleas'd thou careful keep for me
The Orchards of my Love,
Until thy nobler Manſion be
The Paradiſe above.

3.

The Saints, all thy Companions dear,
To ſocial Worſhip bent,
Are glad thy graceful Words to hear,
And to thy Voice intent.

4.

Take this Occaſion in thy Walk
To *cauſe me to be heard*;
Make me the Subject of thy Talk,
My Name to be rever'd.

And

† *Or cauſe me to be heard.*

5.

And while they to thy Voice give Ear,
Cauſe me to hear it too,
By flying Poſts of frequent Pray'r:
Full Freedom I allow.

6.

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
Until the parting Screen
And Range of Hills 'twixt thee and me
No more ſhall intervene.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 14. * *Make haſte, my Beloved, and be thou like to a young Roe or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices.*

1.

Ah Lord, Communion with thee now
Is ſweet, but quickly o'er:
We muſt not part but with a View
To meet again in Glore.

2.

Mean time, let ſtill freſh News from thee
(My Soul from Sloth to purge)
Effect thy Hearing oft from me,
As thou art pleas'd to urge.

3.

But O make haſte to bring me home
To that delicious Place,
Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
Nor Clouds to veil thy Face.

4.

Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
On ſpeedy Wings of Love:

I lan-

* Heb. *Fly away.*

I languish while I sin below,
And long to sing above.

5.

'Tis good indeed to taste thy Grace
In Gardens here below:
But better far to see thy Face
Above, where Spices flow.

6.

These balmy Heights thy Glory fills
'Till the refreshing Day:
But haste, my Love, upon the Hills;
Love cannot bear Delay.

7.

Thy second Coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me;
For, when thou shalt with Clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

8.

Thy Foes that awful Day may hate,
And view with fearful Grudge;
But, free of Dread, I long, I wait:
My Love will be my Judge.

9.

I ardent pant with restless Eyes
To see thee Face to Face:
No less than Glory can suffice
The Appetite of Grace.

10.

My Months are Ages of Delay,
Each Minute slowly wears;
'Till thy swift Chariot roll away
These Rounds of tedious Years.

11.

No Balsam can remede my Sore,
'Till *Jesus* from on high
Shall cleave the starry Plains, and o'er
The Crystal Mountains fly.

12.

Roll Days and Years out of the Way
Between my Soul and thee.
O haste the Consummation-day;
Amen, so let it be.

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